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Christmas With The Poets.

Rise, happy morn! rise, holy morn!
Draw forth the cheerful day from night,
Oh, Father, touch the East, and light
The light that shone when Hope was born.
—*Tennyson.*

There's a song in the air, there's a star in the sky,
There's a mother's deep prayer and a baby's low cry;
And the star rains its fire while the beautiful sing,
And the manger of Bethlehem cradles a King!
—*J. G. Holland.*

The night that erst no name had worn,
To it a happy name is given;
For in that stable lay, new-born,
The peaceful Prince of Earth and Heaven.
—*Alfred Dommett.*

This happy day, whose risen sun
Shall set not through eternity;
This holy day, when Christ, the Lord,
Took on Him our humanity.
—*Phœbe Carey.*

But the star that shines in Bethlehem
Shines still and shall not cease,
And we listen still to the tidings
Of Glory and of Peace.
—*Adelaide A. Proctor.*

Rejoice, our Savior He was born
On Christmas day in the morning.
—*Old Christmas Carol.*

But peaceful was the night.
Wherein the Prince of Light
His reign of peace on earth began.
—*Milton.*

Who taught mankind on that first Christmas day
What 'twas to be a man; to give, not take;
To serve, not rule; to nourish, not devour;
To help, not crush; if need, to die, not live?
—*Charles Kingsley.*

Then pealed the bells, more loud and deep,
"God is not dead; nor doth he sleep!
The Wrong shall fail, the Right prevail,
With peace on earth, good-will to men!"
—*Longfellow.*

Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Savior's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long,
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.
—*Shakespeare.*

With gentle deeds and kindly thoughts
And loving words withal,
Welcome the merry Christmas in,
And hear a brother's call.
—*F. Lawrence.*

This day
Shall change all griefs and quarrels into love.
—*Shakespeare.*

Sound over all waters, reach out from all lands,
The chorus of voices, the clasping of hands;
Sing hymns that were sung by the stars of the morn,
Sing songs of the angels when Jesus was born!
—*Whittier.*

So, now is come our joyful'st feast,
Let every one be jolly;
Each room with ivy leaves is drest,
And every post with holly.
—*Wither.*

At Christmas be merry 'and thankful withal,
And feast thy poor neighbors, the great with the small.
—*Thomas Tusser.*

'Twas Christmas broached the mightiest ale,
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale;
A Christmas gambol oft could cheer
The poor man's heart through half the year.
—*Scott.*

The poor will many a care forget;
The debtor think not of his debts,
But, as they each enjoy their cheer,
Wish it were Christmas all the year.
—*Thomas Miller.*

As fits the holy Christmas birth,
Be this, good friends, our carol still—
Be peace on earth, be peace on earth,
To men of gentle will.
—*Thackeray.*

RATE'S MOSS.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

It was one of those strangely mild winters, of mingled drizzle and fog, which seem so emphatically to upset all our traditional notions of what a good old-fashioned Christmas should be.

It wanted but three days to Christmas day, and the weather was a most perverse combination of April and November. Cheerless enough was it in the lighted streets of the towns and cities at 5 o'clock on this December evening. It will therefore be easily imagined what sort of a prospect was presented to the eyes of travelers—if, indeed, there were any—through the Lincolnshire fen-country.

In one of the wildest parts of its interminable swamps, and not many miles distant from the Wash itself, there stood an old building, partly farmhouse, partly nondescript. A farmhouse proper would not have thriven in this district, on account of the very small proportion of arable land to the vast expanse of reed-covered swamp. There were, however, around the house, which stood on higher ground than the greater part of the surrounding country, a few tolerably well-cultivated acres of land, turnips forming the chief portion of the crops. The house itself was a long, low building, nearly all of wood and one-storied, and had as much of a home look about it as could be expected, considering that it stood quite alone on a small expanse of cultivated land, an oasis in the midst of the dreary flats, and was some six or eight miles distant from the nearest market town.

The master of this building was a man about sixty years of age, who, with his wife and daughter, and a young man in his employ (an orphan, whom he had brought up), formed the household of "Marsh Farm," as it was called. Ralph Furriner was a curious mixture of shrewdness and stupidity—that is to say, of shrewdness relating to his own immediate affairs, and of stupidity as to what actually went on in the outer world away from his own isolated dwelling. The old man followed a double occupation, which may be briefly described. He supplied the nearest market town, and sometimes some of the London dealers, with wild ducks, widgeon, teal and other birds frequenting the fens in winter. During the remainder of the year he fattened a considerable quantity of domestic ducks and geese for the market, the locality being especially suited to the rearing of this branch of the poultry trade.

In all this, and the cultivation of his small farm—if it really deserved such a name—he was assisted by Robert Stenhouse, a stalwart, active young fellow of six-and-twenty, who, left an orphan at an early age, had been taken charge of by old Furriner, and became quite one of the family. Very little need be said of the duck-shooter's wife and daughter. The former was simply one of those motherly, home-loving women who are to be reckoned by tens of thousands in every class in England. Rose Furriner was a fine rosy-cheeked, strong-limbed woman, of five-and-twenty, who helped her mother in her home duties, fattened the geese, baked the barley bread, and even helped to cultivate the farm. She was "engaged" to Robert Stenhouse. What else could be expected, when she never saw any other young man, and he scarcely any other young woman? They were to be married this Christmas, and would continue to live at Marsh farm. So all things would go on as before, and the little community would not be broken up (as so many other domestic communities are) by marriage.

Mrs. Furriner and her daughter were plucking a couple of plump wild ducks for the family supper, while the old man, comfortably seated in the chimney corner, smoked his pipe and joined occasionally in the conversation. The quaint appearance of the interior of the old black-rafftered kitchen, and the picturesque faces of the group in the ruddy fire-glow, formed a tout ensemble worthy of the pencil of Teniers

"It's a rare fine night for teal," said Furriner, removing his pipe from his mouth, and suffering a cloud of blue smoke to escape up the chimney; "and I'm sure Bob 'll stand a chance to get a leash or two."

"Yes, and you're growing lazy, father, or you wouldn't be sitting there idle in the corner, and Bob out alone on the fens," said his daughter.

"I mind the time," said the dame, bridling up, as old people will if younger ones venture to hint that they are not so brisk as they once were, "when your father was the smartest chap in Lincolnshire, be the other who he might."

"Oh, mother!" cried Rose, laughing, "did you see all the young men in Lincolnshire?"

"She took stock of a pretty good lot of 'em, I can tell ye!" said old Furriner, chuckling as he winked at his daughter.

"I had my share of notice," remarked the dame, complacently.

"Many a time I've been near up to my neck in water of a winter night, waiting to get a shot at a widgeon or a gold-backed teal for your mother, Rose, just as Bob's out now to please your whims," said her father.

"To please my whims, father!" exclaimed Rose, indignantly. "Why, what do you mean? He's gone because he said it was such a likely night for teal that it would be a sin to lose the chance."

"He's just gone because he knows a leash or two of teal would fetch a high price now," said her father. "And a certain young woman fancied a red cloth jacket she saw at B— a month ago; and Bob thinks the price of the teal will pretty near buy the jacket.

Rose blushed consciously.

"And that's why I'm sitting in the corner smoking my pipe like a sensible man," continued her father, looking at her crimsoned cheek. "D'ye think I'm going to paddle about the fens up to my neck in mud on a night like this for the money earned to go on my daughter's vanities? Not I," said he, smoking away furiously, but with a twinkle of good humor in his eye which quite belied his words.

"Up to his neck in mud, father?" put in the mother, anxiously. "You don't mean to say our Bob will be up to his neck in mud?"

And the good woman looked a trifle uneasy as she turned and listened to the rain beating heavily against the lozenge-shaped panes of the windows, for had she been really Robert Stenhouse's mother he could not have been dearer to her than he was.

"Don't I though!" said the old man, nodding his head vehemently. "And what then? Never fear, he's all right. He can take care of himself."

Rose took her father's view of the matter, and was quite easy as to her lover's safety. Not so the dame.

"Just listen to this rain, Ralph!" she said, persistingly.

"Well, it do rain a bit," said he.

"Rain a bit!" repeated the dame. "It's enough to drown the very ducks themselves. Why, Ralph, it's never rained like this, all the thirty years we've lived in the Marsh."

The old man was struck by the manner in which his wife persisted in her fears (a most unusual circumstance with her), and, not without some anxiety himself, he slowly rose, laid down his pipe, and cautiously half opened the door. But he had no sooner done so than both rain and wind rushed in, with such fury, that not only was the candle, which old Furriner held, extinguished, but also the candles upon the table at which the women sat busied with their preparations for cooking.

Rose, who was by nature extremely lighthearted, burst into a laugh. But this roused her mother, who indignantly threw upon the table the half-plucked duck she held in her lap, and said, in a tone of great asperity:

"And you to laugh, lass, when your sweetheart may be drowning! Shame on ye!"

"Drowning, mother!" said Rose, growing deadly pale, and pressing her hand to her side; "you can't surely mean that?"

Mrs. Furriner hesitated when she glanced at her daughter's pale face, for she had relighted the candles. She did not indeed believe that her future son-in-law was exactly in peril of his life; but at the same time she was aware that a passage through the fens, which must now be gradually becoming one vast sheet of water, would be extremely difficult, and probably also dangerous. The old man, too, began to look serious, as he resolutely took down a suit of oilskins, with which he prepared to cover his somewhat shrunken, but still sturdy limbs.

"What art about?" asked his wife.

"I'll even go and meet the lad myself," was the reply.

"Why, Ralph, the path tracks must be all under water."

"I'll go, I tell ye," said he; "and take the brown pony; I'll maybe be of use. I know my way for miles and miles beyond Rate's Moss, where Bob's gone after the teal, and happen has lost his tracks. I'll go, I tell ye!"

"Then I'll go, too," said the old woman, firmly.

"Chut, chut, Polly," said her husband; "who's to look after the girl, then? We can't take her, lass."

"Ay, that's true!" said the dame.

All this while Rose, with pale face and trembling lips, had watched the anxious, troubled looks of her father and mother, and her heart boded she knew not what of ill.

"But is there any danger, father?" she stammered.

Furriner moved impatiently, but made no reply.

"Best tell her all," said her mother. "Of course there's danger, lass, such a night as this. Take care of thyself, old man," she added, kissing her husband as he prepared to start with as much warmth as she had done in their earlier days; "and be sure take Brown King; the critter's as much sense as a Christian, and a good deal more than some of them."

"Ay, ay; cheer up, old lass," was the answer."

And the old man returned his wife's embrace and was gone.

The rain poured down in torrents that seemed to threaten a second deluge, as Furriner sought the little stable where Brown King, little dreaming of any interruption to his privacy, was quietly reposing on his litter of pea-straw; and not without considerable resistance on his part did his master make him comprehend that he was required to leave his comfortable bed for the bleak and desolate fens. At last, however, he, was duly saddled and bridled.

Furriner turned the pony's head in the direction of Rate's Moss, a famous resort of teal and widgeon, to which he knew that his future son-in-law had proceeded. When there he trusted to his own knowledge of the fens, and to the sagacity of his pony, to find young Stenhouse.

Rate's Moss might have been about three miles from the Marsh farm—no great distance, it is true, in the well-lighted streets of a city; but a formidable one in the fens of Lincolnshire, on a dark and windy night in December, when the nocturnal travelers were an old man and a pony.

The wild fowl shooter knew every inlet, pool and reed-covered islet of the fens; but with such violence did the rain beat in his face and so rapidly was the water rising, that he felt seriously alarmed as to the result of his adventure. At first, indeed, he had but little difficulty in proceeding rapidly in the direction of Rate's Moss; but he was growing old, and at last, feeling that his knees were becoming numbed and chilled by the wind and the rain, he thought it better to give up the idea of steering the pony and trust to the animal's own sagacity.

Brown King, who was well aware that Rate's Moss was the usual hunting ground of his masters, no sooner found the rein slackened than he took his course in a different direction from that in which the old man had been guiding him. The pony in fact was right, for Furriner had been wandering about, almost in a circle, being unable, through the darkness, to discern the well known spots, which in the daytime would have served him as landmarks.

Half an hour had elapsed, and Furriner knew he must be close upon the spot he desired to reach. He hallooed with his might, in the hope of hearing some response from his adopted son, straining every faculty to its utmost tension to catch a reply. Nothing, however, but the continuous plashing of the rain in the surrounding pools, or the occasional "quack" of a startled mallard, broke the ominous silence. The old man dreading he scarcely knew what, again called loudly upon young Stenhouse; but again was he destined to disappointment. He could not, however, in the darkness observe the pricked ears and startled glance of Brown King, who, with his sense of hearing, more acute than that of his master, had heard, or imagined he heard, an answer to the old man's shouts, and began to move forward at a sharper pace.

"Whoa—steady!" called Furriner, scarcely able to keep his seat, from the uncertain nature of the bog through which Brown King was stumbling.

But the pony would not "whoa." On the contrary, he scrambled through reeds and mire with as much alacrity as he could summon up, and at last suddenly halted, and placing his fore-feet firmly on the most solid piece of ground he could pick out, pricked up his ears again, and gave a loud, sonorous neigh.

Even the benumbed faculties of Furriner were aroused at this.

"He hears summat, danged if he doan't!" ejaculated the old fellow, joyfully. "Well done, King, boy!"

As if to reward the sagacious animal's efforts, a shout—faint, it is true, but still distinguishable—was now heard, in answer to its friendly neigh, upon which Brown King again began to move forward, but this time more slowly than before, picking his way with the utmost caution and judgment.

They were now in the very center of Rate's Moss, and it was really marvelous how the poor animal, without faltering, went so steadily in the right direction, while all the experience of his rider was of no avail. Suddenly, and so close to them that it made Furriner start as if he had been shot, they heard the voice of Robert Stenhouse.

"Here, father, quick! quick!" it said; "I'm nearly dead already."

"Where art, lad?" screamed the old man, straining his eyes in vain to see through the pitch-black darkness. "Where art?"

But the young man, in despair, and no doubt impelled by a sudden instinct, made no reply in words, but gave a short, sharp, shrill whistle, well-known to Brown King.

The pony recognized it instantly, and, with a neigh of exultation, turned abruptly to the left, whinnying as he went, as horses do when they follow the call of a friend. Not more than forty yards did the docile animal travel before he brought his rider face to face with young Stenhouse. But what a situation!

The young man had descended from the more solid part of the surrounding land, and jumped, as it appeared, into a large pool amid the reeds, for the purpose of picking up a dead bird. The rain, however, had rendered the water far deeper than he expected, and moreover, the thick black mud which formed the bottom of the pool had become a perfect quagmire. The intense cold, too, had so far benumbed young Stenhouse's hands and feet that he was all but powerless to assist himself.

There he stood nearly up to his neck in thick, slimy ooze, which had almost the consistency of birdlime. The situation, which in the daytime and a different period of the year would have been ludicrous, was now serious. The more the poor fellow struggled, the deeper he sank. On the other hand, if he remained still, the cold would stagnate his blood and insensibility and death would follow.

Old Furriner, who took in the danger of the position at a glance, turned pale and clenched his hands together beneath his riding-cloak. He, nevertheless, tried his utmost to encourage the nearly exhausted young man.

"Cheery, laddie, cheery!" he said, dismounting from Brown King. "Bear a good heart."

"Ay, ay, father," returned the other, faintly.

"Stay a bit, Bob," called Furriner "Throw me your shooting belt."

With terrible exertion the young man did so. He had previously thrown it over his shoulder to relieve his waist from its weight, when he first found himself sinking deep into the mud.

"Now your handkerchief," said Furriner.

The old man tied the belts and the handkerchiefs belonging to himself and Stenhouse together, and even their neckties, but was still unable to reach the poor half-dead young fellow.

"The bridle, father, the bridle!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, yes," cried the old man; "to be sure, to be sure! How could I forget it?"

He added the bridle to the length of his extempore chain, and by dint of considerable exertion managed to throw one end of it within a few inches of the young man's shoulder, which, with the exception of his head and arms, was the only part of his body visible. But here arose a fresh difficulty. Robert Stenhouse's fingers were so benumbed by continual exposure to the severity of the weather that he was unable to grasp the friendly rope. Making a tremendous exertion, however, he caught hold of it with his teeth.

"I can't hold it, father!" he called out, despairingly.

"Put your fingers in your mouth, lad," called out the old man; "that 'll warm 'em a bit, and don't struggle."

The young man obeyed, and as the storm had now somewhat abated he was able, after some few minutes, to partially thaw his frozen fingers. Then, by the direction of the duck-shooter, he secured the end of the bridle as firmly as he could around his arm. But the efforts of the old man were found totally inadequate to assist his comrade to climb to the higher ground. For a moment a dull despair fell upon both; but young Stenhouse, whose usually not very acute perceptions were sharpened by his imminent peril, bethought him of Brown King.

"Tie your end to King, father," he shouted out, his strength fast failing him, "and make him pull."

The pony seemed to understand what was expected of him, and allowed the chain of handkerchiefs and belts to be fastened around him. Furriner so managed this as not to impede the action of the animal's hind legs, and after a good deal of straining on the part of Brown King, and a good deal of coaxing and encouragement on the part of his master, Stenhouse was so far extricated from his perilous situation as to be able, with the help of the old man, to clamber to the higher ground, whereon stood his deliverers. Furriner carried a small brandy-flask, which was of infinite service to both the men, and in a briefer period than might have been expected the younger had recovered the full use of his faculties. Even the pony seemed to be aware of the service he had rendered, and stood, with arched neck and expanded eye, waiting for the applause he had earned.

"He shall be pensioned off, when he gets old, for this night's work, shan't he, father," said the young man, patting the shaggy sides of the animal.

"Aye, that he shall, Bob, and what's more to the purpose, he shall have a double feed of corn to-night," returned the old man, the tears glistening in his eyes. "And now let's get back, or the women will be in a fine pother."

The journey home from Bate's Moss was a little more satisfactory to old Furriner than he had anticipated it would be, and was far more quickly performed than before. A large string of wild fowl hung from the holsters of Brown King's saddle, a prize which young Stenhouse had nearly paid for with his life.

"Rose's scarlet jacket was near costing dearer than she thought for, eh, father?" he said, gravely.

"Ay, thou wast a'ways overrash, laddie," said the old man. "Let this be a caution."

"But then, father, Rose—"

"Ay, ay, I know all about that," interrupted the old man; "well, well, I've been young myself, But remember, Bob, there ain't no real courage in fool-hardiness. A man ain't to risk his life for the whims of a pretty girl, not if she was twenty times engaged to him, that's my view on't. Reasonable efforts to please is one thing, and unreasonable follies is another."

"You're right, father," said he; "and Rose 'll say so too."

What Rose said, you may guess, readers all!

Sullivan, the prize-fighter, says that in training, he relies much on the salt bath. He also eats three or four bunches of celery a day for the benefit of his nerves and respiration.

A Night Camp on Lake Winnipeg.

We now take a direct course for Montreal Point, our guide running before, in a steady, swinging trot peculiar to Indian runners, while our dogs follow in good form. At intervals we drop into a light slumber, to be suddenly awakened by the loud crack of a loaded whip and the responsive cry of a lazy dog. As the sun is setting in the west, going down into the apparently boundless lake, we halt on the edge of a huge drift, near the shore, which is at this point dotted with thickets of spruce and balsam, and get out of our carrioles stiffly enough after our long journey. The sleds are drawn into the timber, and our little party go at the work of clearing with snowshoes a place for the camp. This accomplished, the fire is built, green boughs are laid for our beds, blankets and robes are brought forth; and while we stretch ourselves lazily before the bright fire of tamarack, our guide prepares supper, and his assistants unharness the dogs and prepare their meal of fresh whitefish. As we recline in perfect comfort, a shrike or butcher-bird, the first life we have seen in the woods to-day, hops from the bough above us, and helps itself from the pemmican-bag; then flies saucily over our heads toward his cache, to return in a few moments for more. The shrike is truly a camp bird, and in discovering the smoke from some newly-built camp fire, as it curls upward through the trees, does not rest till it has reached the camp and sampled the cookery. The Indian seldom molests this arch thief, but laughs quietly at its saucy chatter, having a belief that in days past Wah-se-i-ka-chak, as he calls it, has been in some way of service to his people. After a hearty supper of pemmican, potato and bannock, we sit and listen to the monotonous tones of the Indians, who are recounting journeys to different parts of the far north country, while they smoke their tiny stone pipes, filled with a mixture of willow bark and tobacco. Our twelve dogs are grouped on the solid drift near the shore. The largest dog occupies the most elevated part of the bank, the place of honor, while the others sit solidly on their haunches and gaze steadily at their leader, who is now the picture of profundity, with a far-off, dreamy look in his eyes which his fellows are making a vain attempt to imitate. The moon is coming up now, and as it softly rises, causing the frost-covered trees to glisten in its light, the leader utters a plaintive wail, which is taken up by his companions, softly at first; then the leader gives forth a louder cry, another, and soon the whole pack there in the weird light are howling in fearful discord. Suddenly the leader ceases, and gradually the others become quiet and curl themselves about the fire. The Indians soon are snoring in heavy sleep, the fire burns low, the trees crackle with frost, we hear a commingling of sounds, and, at last, sleep too.

We rest comfortably, with nothing above our heads save the beautiful dome of heaven, with its twinkling stars, which are dimmed at times by the magnificent and ever-changing aurora, which here reaches its greatest brilliancy. The Indians call this electric phenomena Wah-wah-tao, and fancy it to be the spirits of the departed dancing on the borders of the land of the hereafter. While it is yet dark our drivers arise, with sundry grunts and remarks in Indian language relative to the probable weather and winds of the coming day; and soon a large fire, crackling and sending sparks over our heads without regard to consequences, is the alarm which brings us quickly from our snug beds. Breakfast dispatched, our dogs are placed in harness, we take seats in the carrioles, and are away with speed through the gray light of dawn.—*St. Nicholas.*

Regard of the Ancients for Animals.

In ancient Egypt, when a cat died in the house, the inhabitants shaved their eyebrows; if a dog died, they shaved their whole body. In Athens, one of the laws of Triptolemus declared that no one had a right to inflict a wrong upon a living creature. The Greeks were aware of the tender and affectionate care which the young of the stork exhibited for their old parents, and recorded that, when the latter lost their feathers from age, the young stripped themselves of their down for them and fed them with the food they collected. This was the origin of the Greek law called "the law of the stork," by virtue of which children were obligated to take care of their aged parents, and those who refused to do so were declared infamous. How different is it in our modern societies! Pierquin remarks with reason that, as man rises, he treats animals as if they were correspondingly degraded. For a long time they had the same rights. During the middle ages they were allowed a part in religious ceremonies. At Milan they figured in the festivals of the kings; and processions of animals appear in the bas reliefs of the cathedrals of Strasburg, Mans and Vienne (Isere). On Holy Wednesday all the clergy of the church of Rheims went to Saint Remi to make a station there; the canons, preceded by the cross, were arranged in two lines, each drawing a herring after him with a cord; and each one was intent upon saving his own fish, and stepping upon that of the canon in front of him (Anquetil, "Histoire de Reims.") At Paris the procession of the fox was as much enjoyed as the festival of the ass. The animal, dressed in a kind of surplice, wearing the mitre, had his place in the midst of the clergy; a fowl was put within his reach; he often forgot his pious functions to spring upon the bird and devour it in the presence of the faithful. Philip the Fair was very fond of this procession (Sanval, "Antiquites de Paris"). Only a few years ago the procession of the fat ox remained, a survival from the pagan feasts, a real piece of wreckage from vanished civilizations.

While the rights of animals were thus recognized, their duties toward man did not escape the earlier legislators, who severely punished their crimes and attempts upon human life. The law of Moses (Exodus xxi, 28, 29) recites: "If an ox gore a man or a woman, that they die: then the ox shall be surely stoned, and his flesh shall not be eaten: but the owner of the ox shall be quit. But if the ox were wont to push with his horn in time past, and it hath been testified to his owner, and he hath not kept him in, but that he hath killed a man or a woman; the ox shall be stoned, and his owner also shall be put to death."

Judgments based on this principle are recorded at Athens and Rome. According to Pierquin, Democritus wished an animal, which had occasioned some major damage, to be punished with death. Under Domitian, according to the report of Martial, the ingratitude of a lion toward its master was severely punished. Columella and Varro say that the ancient Romans regarded the ox as the companion of the labors of man, and that the act of killing one was regarded as a homicide and punished in the same way; and the ox enjoyed the same privilege in Attica and the Peloponnesus. It is also said that the Arabs in the mountains of Africa formerly crucified lions, guilty of murders, upon trees, as warnings to others. —*Popular Science Monthly.*

The Hair of the Presidents.

In the patent office at Washington there are many objects of interest connected with the government and those who administered its affairs in times gone by. A friend of the writer says that while examining some of those objects of curiosity, nothing struck him so forcibly as the samples of small locks of hair taken from the heads of different chief magistrates, from Washington down to President Pierce, secured in a frame covered with glass. Here is, in fact, a part and parcel of what constituted the living bodies of those illustrious individuals whose names are familiar as household words, but who now live only in history and the remembrance of the past.

The hair of Washington is nearly a pure white, fine and smooth in its appearance.

That of John Adams is nearly the same color, though perhaps a little coarser.

The hair of Jefferson is of a different character, being a mixture of white and auburn, or a sandy brown, and rather coarse. In his youth Mr. Jefferson's hair was remarkable for its bright color.

The hair of Madison is coarse, and of a mixed white and dark.

The hair of Monroe is a handsome dark auburn, smooth, and free from any mixture. He is the only President, excepting Pierce, whose hair has undergone no change in color.

The hair of John Quincy Adams is somewhat peculiar, being coarse and a yellowish gray in color.

The hair of General Jackson is almost a perfect white, but coarse in its character, as might be supposed by those who have examined the portraits of the old hero.

The hair of Van Buren is white and smooth in appearance.

The hair of General Harrison is a fine white, with a slight admixture of black.

The hair of John Tyler is a mixture of white and brown.

The hair of James K. Polk is almost a pure white.

The hair of General Taylor is white, with a slight admixture of brown.

The hair of Millard Fillmore is, on the other hand, brown, with a slight admixture of white.

The hair of Franklin Pierce is a dark brown, of which he had a plentiful crop.

It is somewhat remarkable, however, that since Pierce's time no one has thought of preserving the hair of his successors. There are vacancies in the case, but there is no hair (or was not a short time since) either of Buchanan, Lincoln, Johnson, Grant, Hayes, Garfield or Arthur, for the inspection of futurity.

During their occupancy of the presidential chair, Buchanan's hair was nearly a pure white; that of Lincoln's dark and wiry, liberally sprinkled with silver threads; Johnson's was iron-gray—in youth his hair was coal-black and very luxuriant; Grant's was dark and coarse; Hayes' sandy and mixed with white; Garfield's a beautiful auburn, while that of Arthur is brown and wavy.

Some Cold Winters.

The following statistics of the good old winters are curious: In 408 the Black sea was entirely frozen over. In 761, not only the Black sea, but the straits of the Dardanelles, were frozen over; the snow in some places rose fifty feet high. In 822 the great rivers of Europe—the Danube and Elbe, etc. —were so hard frozen as to bear heavy wagons for a month. In 860 the Adriatic was frozen; the crops totally failed, and famine and pestilence closed the year. In 1067 the most of the travelers were frozen to death on the roads. In 1133 the Po was frozen from Cremona to the sea; the wine casks were burst, and even the trees split by the action of the frost with immense noise. In 1336 the Danube was frozen to the bottom, and remained long in that state. In 1316 the crops wholly failed in Germany; wheat, which some years before sold in England at six shillings the quarter, rose to £2. In 1339 the crops failed in Scotland, and such a famine ensued that the poor were reduced to feed on grass, and many perished miserably in the fields. The successive winters of 1432-'33-'34 were uncommonly severe. It once snowed forty days without interruption. In 1468 the wine distributed to the soldiers in Flanders was cut with hatchets. In 1684 the winter was excessively cold. Most of the hollies were killed. Coaches drove along the Thames, the ice of which was eleven inches thick. In 1709 occurred a cold winter. The frosts penetrated three yards into the ground. In 1715 booths were erected and fairs held on the Thames. In 1774 and 1745 the strongest ale in England, exposed to the air, was covered in 1 ss than fifteen minutes with ice an eighth of an inch thick. In 1809, and again in 1822, the winters were remarkably cold. In 1814 there was a fair on the frozen Thames. —*Scientific American.*

A new party—The baby.

CRUISING IN A WHALER.

Modern Walrus Hunting or Extermination—Fate of the Esquimaux.

The whaling bark Abraham Barker, after leaving San Francisco, went down on the coast of Mexico after humpback whales as a kind of preparatory drill before attacking the larger and more valuable bowheads of the north. From Mexico the bark cruised south, going a short distance beyond the equator, thence to Honolulu, picking up a few whales as she went along. Early in May, says our informant on board the vessel, we reached the ice in the Behring sea. The ice was broken into cakes, formed into strips by the action of winds and currents. These strips of ice were some of considerable breadth and length. There was clear water between, through which the ships sailed, but when a body of ice was in the way the ships did not hesitate to run through it, taking care not to strike the vessel too hard. The ice prevented any sea whatever from rising. In the latter part of May we reached the St. Diomede islands, between East Cape, Asia, and Cape Prince of Wales, America. The straits were comparatively free from ice. Canoes full of natives came off to the ship from Western Diomede and East Cape to sell skin clothing for tobacco, ammunition and rum; the latter articles they did not get. We had just taken a bowhead whale, and permission being given, the natives completely stripped the whale of its black skin, which is about an inch thick all over the body. They devoured the raw blubber as ravenously as wolves. As the ice receded north the ships advanced. Whales being scarce, visiting from one ship to another was frequent. By July 1 we had gone as far north as the Icy cape, the highest point reached by Captain Cook, the great circumnavigator, who fell at Kahakakua bay, Hawaii. About fifty miles off this cape the ship commenced killing walrus on the ice. A few years ago whalemen harpooned walrus from their whaleboats. Now it is difficult to get within gunshot of them. To kill them they must be shot in the neck, and if the first shot fails they will all jump off the ice. However, should they stand fire more than half fall overboard and sink. A walrus produces about seventeen gallons of oil and five pounds of ivory.

In the latter part of July the ships came to anchor at Point Barrow. The northern coast of Alaska is low, level and marshy, without a tree or shrub. Mosquitoes, large and fierce, darken the air and sing in dismal chorus, from Cape Lisbourne to Point Barrow. Point Barrow is a long, narrow peninsula, on which there is a considerable settlement of Esquimaux. The natives have driftwood stuck up on end on each side of the peninsula to direct the flight of wild ducks across a given point, where they conceal themselves behind a breastwork to either shoot or kill them with slings as they fly over. The Esquimaux eat every part of an animal or fowl. Even the entrails are utilized, and of walrus they even eat the hide, which is often more than an inch in thickness. When any game is brought in it is buried; if the weather is fine they will cook it, otherwise they eat it raw. In the winter these people live in underground houses, in summer they live in tents made of walrus hide; but these of Point Barrow have a plentiful supply of canvas from the sails of numerous whale ships wrecked in that vicinity, and all their tents are made of this canvas. They seem to be well supplied with guns; in nearly every tent there was a breech-loading rifle, and shotguns of ancient and modern patterns were scattered around in great profusion. In the summer-time they travel along the coast in their skin canoes; in winter they hitch their dogs to sledges and move over the ice. On the eastern extremity of Point Barrow the Esquimaux lay their dead wrapped in canvas, with their personal property beside them, exposed to the elements and wild beasts. There were about as many dead as live natives on the point. All the Esquimaux bear the imprint of intense suffering, their faces being covered with hair-like wrinkles. Contact with civilization has been most fatal to the Esquimaux. Besides supplying them with rum and communicating to them foul diseases, the Americans have wantonly destroyed the walrus, their main dependence for food. Walrus are now getting scarce and wild, and are practically beyond their reach. Starvation has already made heavy inroads among them.

The Origin of Life.

Men of science may amuse themselves by speaking of life being brought to the earth by the arrival of a meteor, in reality a fragment of some once peopled world which has been destroyed by conflict with another or by internal disturbance. But this is more a scientific jest than a grave reality. Astronomy knows nothing of worlds coming into conflict. On the contrary, the laws of motion assure us that if anything is so unlikely that it may be regarded as absolutely impossible, it is the encounter of two orbs in mid space; nor have we any reason to suppose that a planet can be rent into fragments by internal convulsions. If we had, we have not the slightest reason for supposing that orbs thus unfortunate would be more likely to be inhabited than their more lucky fellow worlds. If these were inhabited already, we gain nothing by bringing to them the fragments of other worlds which have exploded; and if they were not inhabited, while the burst or shattered worlds were, we are called on to imagine (for no one can believe) the absurdity that only inhabited worlds are liable to destruction, for the benefit of those which are without inhabitants. To which absurdity this additional one is superadded, that the seeds of life would survive the destruction of their planet home, and the journeying through millions on millions of years (rather millions of millions) which science assures us they would have to make through the cold of interstellar space before they would fall on any other world. And all these absurdities to no purpose, so far as the origin of life is concerned, for they take us back but a step, which brings us in reality no nearer to all life.—*Professor Proctor, in Belgravia.*

A Winter Song.

Oh, summer has the roses
And the laughing light south wind,
And the merry meadows lined
With dewy, dancing posies;
But winter has the sprites
And the witching frosty nights.

Oh, summer has the splendor
Of the cornfields wide and deep,
Where scarlet poppies sleep
And wary shadows wander;
But winter fields are rare
With diamonds everywhere.

Oh, summer has the wild bees,
And the ringing, singing note
In the robin's tuneful throat,
And the leaf-talk in the trees;
But winter has the chime
Of the merry Christmas time.

Oh, summer has the luster
Of the sunbeams warm and bright,
And rains that fall at night
Where reeds and lilies cluster;
But deep in winter's snow
The fires of Christmas glow.
—*Susan Hartley, in St. Nicholas.*

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Children's balls ought to be encouraged. Doctors say it is healthy for children to cry.

A race between a carrier-pigeon and a man kicked by a mule would be very close if the pigeon had half a mile the start.

"How to treat a woman," is the title of an unnecessary article in an exchange. Every man knows how to treat a woman. If she is a sweetheart, treat her to oysters; if a wife, treat her to a new bonnet.

"You are such a strange girl," said Charley; "really, I don't know what to make of you." "Well, then, I'll tell you, Charley," replied Araminta; "make a wife of me." Charley did so at the earliest opportunity.

Professor (explaining the influence of different densities of air and sound) —"If, now, from here we should hear the steamboat whistle down in the harbor, what should we infer?" Bright Junior—"Steamboat coming in."

It is asserted that some of the bags of dates which come to this country contain cannon-balls weighing twelve and fifteen pounds. How much better than firing balls at us from the cannon's mouth it is to thus send them in a quiet, unobtrusive way! No blood is spilt, no bones broken, the sender finds it easier and cheaper than filling his bags exclusively with fruit, and the receiver gets full weight, and therefore cannot complain. This is, indeed, a fruitful cause for congratulation!

Mr. Peet, a rather diffident man, was unable to prevent himself from being introduced one evening to a fascinating young lady, who, misunderstanding his name, constantly addressed him as Mr. Peters, much to the gentleman's distress. Finally, summoning courage, he bashfully but earnestly remonstrated: "Oh, don't call me Peters; call me Peet." "Ah, but I don't know you well enough, Mr. Peters," said the young lady, blushing, as she playfully withdrew part way behind her fan.

THE LITTLE BANANA PEEL.

Like a bar of the beaten gold
I gleam in the summer's sun;
I am little, I know, but I think I can throw
A man that will weigh a ton.
I send out no challenges bold,
I blow me no vaunting horn,
But foolish is he who treadeth on me;
He'll wish he had ne'er been born.

Like the flower of the field vain man
Goeth forth at the break of day,
But when he shall feel my grip on his heel
Like the stubble he fadeth away;
For I lift him high up in the air,
With his heels where his head ought to be;
With a down-coming crash he maketh his mash,
And I know he's clear gone upon me.

I am scorned by the man who buys me;
I am modest and quiet and meek;
Though my talents are few, yet the work that I do
Has oft made the cellar doors creak.
I'm a blood-red republican born,
And a nihilist fearless I be;
Though the head wear a crown, I would bring its pride down,
If I set its proud heel upon me.
—*R. J. Burdette, in Harper.*

Headless Jackson.

In reconstructing the Constitution Commodore J. D. Elliot, under whose supervision the restoration was made, being an ardent admirer of President Jackson, substituted for the original figure-head an admirable full-length effigy of the old hero, a very simple matter undoubtedly, but creating, perhaps, one of the most intense, bitter political excitements ever experienced in this country, especially in the vicinity of Boston, one party glorying in their stubborn old constituent's act, and the other regarding, as a national disgrace, the desecration of their idolized ship with the hated image of their country's abominated chief. Nevertheless, against all opposition, "Old Hickory," in all his glory, continued to ornament the frigate's bow until one night a somewhat ludicrous turn was given to the matter by the mutilation of the figure, but which only served to increase the heat of the wrathy antagonists. During the night in question, while a storm of wind and rain of unusual violence was raging, a Captain Dewey, of the merchant marine, procured a small boat, and at the imminent risk of being swamped, finally succeeded in reaching the frigate's bow (she being moored between the razee Independence and Columbus, 74), and, notwithstanding the presence of sentries stationed on the forecastles of these three vessels, successfully sawed the head off, and, undetected, returned with it to his home in Boston, where, locking his prize in a chest, it remained undiscovered many years, while the people vainly puzzled over the mystery, which remained unsolved for more than a decade and a half. By this wanton act the excitement became so intensified that no mechanic in Boston could be found sufficiently brave to undertake

The People's Press.

SALEM, N. C.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1882.

[Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Salem, N. C.]

THE PEOPLE'S PRESS
FOR 1883.

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The PRESS entered its thirty-first (31st) volume on January 1st, 1883.

Now is the time to subscribe. It will be our endeavor to make the PRESS more interesting and entertaining than ever.

L. V. & E. T. BLUM,

Salem, N. C., Nov. 30, 1882.

—Shipwrecks with loss of lives and destructive fires are reported almost daily in the papers.

—Gen. R. B. Vance introduced a bill in Congress to repeal all laws of the United States providing for the internal revenue.

—The Federal Courts of Virginia, North and South Carolina are investigating election frauds said to have been committed by Democrats. Let the Courts also investigate the alleged Republican frauds.

—The Legislature meets on the first Wednesday in January next.

RICHMOND, VA., Dec. 18.—Hon. James Lyons, the oldest and one of the most prominent lawyers of this city, died at his residence here this evening aged 81. He was for many years in public life.

—Jobbers and retailers of tobacco in the Western States are circulating a petition for signatures, which they intend to submit to Congress, asking that body to allow a rebate "equal to the amount of the reduction" of the tax on tobacco which may be made at this session of Congress. They ask in their petition, also, that Congress act with all possible promptness in regard to reducing the tax, as the delay and agitation of the subject are causing them severe loss. A similar request for swift action will soon be made to Congress by the tobacco dealers of Virginia.

From Washington.

WASHINGTON, December 14.—The House judiciary committee, after 3 days discussion, adopted Senator Davis' bill creating nine intermediate courts to relieve the Supreme Court. The chairman was instructed to report it to the House and ask its consideration. The vote was two to one, divided on party lines, the Republicans voting for and the Democrats against it. Mr. Manning will present a minority report, and press his divide the court into three sections, with no additional justices.

Kelly, of Pennsylvania, chairman of the committee on ways and means, reported back, without recommendation, the resolution for a holiday recess from December 22nd to January 3rd.

Hiscock, of New York, inquired whether the business of the ways and means committee would be facilitated if the House should remain in session during the holidays.

Kelly replied that both the business of the country, and of the ways and means committee, would be facilitated. After a long discussion the resolution was lost; yeas 105, nays 123.

Robeson then offered a resolution fining every member absent without leave, from December 22nd to January 3rd, $50 for each days absence. Adopted; yeas 111, nays 102.

Tobacco Factories Idle.

The agitation of the tobacco tax question in Congress has had a frightful effect upon the factories here. In the uncertainty prevailing manufacturers do not know what to do. Most of them have suspended operations. No more smoke comes from their chimneys. The song of the colored men and women at work is hushed. No more loitering around the factory doors on pay days. No more settling up with the grocer Saturday nights. The stock of Christmas goods will be short in the homes of the factory hands, and many a child's stocking that would have been filled to overflowing will now receive but a scanty store. And all this because Congress is hammering away at the tobacco tax. It is to be hoped that all this privation will not be in vain; that Congress will totally abolish the tax, and give freedom to the factories and enfranchisement to the negroes in a way they never have had it before.—*Richmond Dispatch.*

Big Fires.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 18.—The steamer Belgie, from Hong Kong, via Yokohama, has arrived and brings the following intelligence;

HONG KONG, November 22.—There was a great fire at Canton, November 7th and 8th. Eight hundred houses were destroyed and many lives lost, including firemen who were burned to death. The Viceroy visited the scene with a body of soldiers to prevent robberies, and a fierce fight occurred between the thieves and citizens. The Viceroy placed his life in danger, his party being jammed in the narrow streets.

There were two fires in Foo Chow, November 4th and 5th. They consumed each about 200 houses and five lives were lost.

Kingston, Jamaica, December 14.—The fire which broke out here Monday was not subdued until Wednesday night. The loss is $15,000,000. In all 400 stores were burned, which were thought to be fire proof. Five persons lost their lives.

Conference Appointments of the M. E. Church.

Raleigh District—S D Adams, P. E.
Edenton Street, Raleigh—E A Yates.
Person Street, Raleigh—R F Bumpass.
Brooklyn and Macedonia Miss.—J H Wheeler.
Cary—B B Culbreth.
Rolesville—L L Nash.
Smithfield—J C Hartsell.
Clayton—A M Lowe.
Tar River—W H Moore.
Youngsville—J T Finlayson.
Louisburg—W C Norman.
Oxford—L H Gibbons.
Granville—J T Gibbs.
Henderson—J J Renn.
Buckhorn—M C Thomas.
Oak Hill Mission—To be supplied.
Editors "Raleigh Christain Advocate"—F I Reid and W S Black.

Hillsboro District—N H D Wilson, P. E.
Hillsboro circuit—James E Gay.
Durham—T A Boone.
Durham circuit—J T Lyon.
Chapel Hill—M H Moore, J F Heitman.
Person—J Sanford.
Lensburg—H H Gibbons.
Yanceyville—V A Sharpe.
Almance—John Tillett.
Piedmont mission—J O Guthrie.
Haw River—J B Martin.
Pittsboro—R A Willis, Gaston Farrar.
Deep River—P Greening, T C Moses.
University of North Carolina—Prof A W Mangum, D D.

Greensboro District—W H Bobbitt, P. E.
Greensboro—L W Crawford.
Guilford—J Mahoney.
Pleasant Garden—R M Hoyle.
Franklinsville—C H Phillips.
Randolph—R T N Stephenson, I F Keerans, sup.
Trinity College—To be supplied by W H Pegram.
Thomasville and High Point—J B Carpenter.
Davidson Mission—J W Lewis.
Winston—C C Dodson.
Forsyth—T H Pegram.
Stokes—P L Groom, S H Helsabeck.
Snow Creek mission—J. W. Wilburn.
Madison—T S Campbell.
Dan River mission—C W King.
Ruffin—N E Colirane.
Reidsville—J E Thompson.
Kernersville—J C Thomas.

Salisbury District—W S Black, P. E.
Salisbury—Jos Wheeler.
Salisbury Circuit—G A Oglesby.
Mocksville—G F Round.
Rowan—L E Thompson.
Farmington—W C Wilson.
Concord—W S Creasy—T W Smith, Sup.
Concord Circuit—H P Cole.
Mt Pleasant—Z Rush.
Albemarle—T J Gattis.
Stanly—W P. McCorkle.
Big Lick Mission—T L Triplett.
Lexington—T A Stone.
Davidson—D L Earnhardt.
Uwharrie—W T Cutchin.

Statesville District—L L Hendren, P E.
Statesville—J T Harris.
Statesville Circuit—C G Little.
Mooresville—R G Barrett.
Iredell—P F W Stamey.
Rock Spring—J H Page.
Newton—G Ivy.
Catawba Mission—Enoch L Stamey.
Alexander—W T Nelson.
Caldwell—Hugh F Wiley.
Lenoir—M V Sherrill.
Wilkes—E J Eudaily.
Roaring River Mission—To be supplied.
Surry—J F Craven.
Elkin and Jonesville—J C Rowe.
Mt Airy—G W Gallaham, James Wilson.
Yadkinville Mission—M J Hunt.
Pilot Mountain Mission—R R Warlick.

Shelby District—H T Hudson, P E.
Shelby—B R Hall.
Shelby Circuit—A R Raven.
King's Mountain Circuit—J W Jones.
Double Shoals—Marcus D Giles.
Cherry Mountain—T L Hoyle.
Rutherfordton—J T Abernethy.
Columbus Mission—Isaac A White.
Marion—E L Pell.
Morganton—C M Anderson.
Burke Circuit—J N Somers.
Hickory and Happy Home—P L Hermon.
South Mountain Mission—To be supplied by N A England.
South Fork Circuit—C A Gault.
Dallas—A G Gauntt.
Gaston—S J EcLeod.
Lincolnton—F A Bishop.
McDowell—Jacob A Lee.

Charlotte District—M L Wood, P E.
Charlotte, Tryon St—J T Bagwell.
Calvary Mission—J W Wheeler.
Charlotte circuit—Thos S Ellington
Matthews—S M Davis.
Clear Creek circuit—T H Edwards.
Pineville—Lemon Shell.
Pleasant Grove—M H Hoyle.
Monroe—P J Carraway.
Monroe circuit—G W Hardison.
Wadesboro Station—W S Rone.
Wadesboro circuit—J B Alford.
Ansonville—L E Stacy.
Lilesville—O J Brent.

Fayetteville District—J A Conninggim, P. E.
Fayetteville—Jno R Brooks.
Cumberland—Frank L Townsend.
Lumberton—Andrew P Tyer.
Robeson—M W Boyles.
Laurinburg—J W North.
St. Johns—T W Guthrie.
Rockingham—J B Bobbitt.
Ashpole Mission—Isaac W Avent.
Rockingham circuit—W S Chaffin.
Cape Fear circuit—J T Kendall.
Mt. Gilead—C M Pepper.
Pekin—John H Hall.
Montgomery—W S Hales
Carthage—J R Scroggs.
Jonesboro circuit—J D Arnold.

Wilmington Dist—R O Burton, P E.
Wilmington, Front Street—F H Wood.
Wilmington, Fifth Street—T Page Ricaud.
Topsail—J C Crisp.
Duplin—W I Hull.
Point Caswell Mission—C O Durant
Clinton—J E Thompson.
Cokesbury—C M Gentry.
Newton Grove Mission—S D Peeler
Coharie Mission—
Bladen—Z T Harrison.
Elizabeth Circuit—J B Bailey.
Whiteville—J W Puett.
Fair Bluff Mission—Edward Schulkin.
Waccamow Mission—To be supplied by J H Tart.
Smithville—W B North.
Brunswick—D A Watkins.
Onslow—Clayton W. Smith.

Newbern District—J E Mann, P E.
Newbern—L S Burkes.
Goldsboro—W M Robey.
Wayne—J N Andrews.
Goldsboro Circuit—B B Holder.
Mt. Olive—J E Bristow.
Kinston—W C Gannon.
Snow Hill—J W Jenkins.
La Grange—J D Carpenter.
Craven—Alpheus McCullen.
Jones—L L Johnson.
Beaufort—N M Jurney.
Carteret—A D Betts, W H Puckett.
Pamlico circuit—W H Call.
Core Sound Mission—T J Browning
Straits Mission—F B McCall.

Warrenton District—D R Bruton P E
Warrenton—R S Webb.
Warren circuit—L J Holden.
Roanoke—J D Buie, J M Rhodes.
Weldon and Halifax—W L Cunninggim.
Halifax circuit—J M Lumly.
Scotland Neck—Charles W Byrd.
Wilson—J H Guinn.
Little River Mission—E O Wyche.
Ridgeway—J R Griffith.
Nashville—W J Crowson.
Edgecombe—J N Cole.

Washington District—J S Nelson, P E
Tarboro—F D Swindell.
South Edgecombe—J H Cordon.
Williamston—W B Doub.
Greenville—S V Hoyle.
Pitt Mission—To be supplied by T J Daily.
Swift Creek—N H Hooker.
Aurora—W L Grissom.
Washington—D May.
Bath—J F Washburne.
Plymouth—H Watkins.
Columbia—J L Keen.
Mattamuskeet—R C Beamon.
Swan Quarter—J J Carden.
Portsmouth, Ocracoke and Hatteras—To be supplied by E. D. Hoover.

Methodist Protestant Conference Appointments.

President—R H Wills.
Albemarle—E A Wilson.
Roanoke—W H Wills, D. D.
Tar River—J P Simpson.
LaGrange Mission—J Paris, D. D.
Greenville—J S Russell.
Halifax—G E Hunt.
Littleton—W H Lewis.
Granville—T T Ferroe.
North Granville—D A Fishel.
Henderson Station—To be supplied
Orange—W W Amick.
Alamance—J H Totton.
Randolph—D A Highfill.
Cedar Falls—J H Gilbreath.
Greensboro—J R Ball.
Ashboro—W C Kennett.
Guilford—I I York.
Haw River—T J Ogburn.
Flat Rock—T F McCulloch.
High Point—M E Hammer.
Winston—R H Wills.
Winston Mission—F M Totten.
Forsyth—R R Hanner.
Surry Mission—C F Harris, D. D.
Mocksville—S W Coe.
Rowan Mission—J N Garrett.
Monroe—O Ryder.
Stanley—H Lewallen.
Mecklenburg—C A Pickens.
Catawba—C L Wilson.
Cleveland—J E Hartsell.
Caldwell Mission—L N Nolen.
Buncombe—R R Michaux.
J L Michaux, Editor *Central Protestant.*
S. Simpson, President Yadkin College.

NEWSY PARAGRAPHS.

—Dr. Columbus Mills died Sunday morning at his home in the Poplar Tent section of Cabarrus county. His death resulted after four weeks' suffering with pneumonia. He was one of the most prominent citizens in Cabarrus.

RICHMOND, Dec. 15. Mr. Robert Ould, one of the most prominent lawyers of Richmond, died at his residence in Richmond, to-day, in the 62nd year of his age, of acute congestion of the lungs, after only a few days' illness.

—The Louisiana sugar planters have perfected their mechanical facilities until great results are produced. On one plantation recently 69,000 pounds of sugar were made in twenty-four hours; on another 61,000 in the same length of time.

M. E. CHURCH.—The North Carolina Conference statistics show there are local preachers, 242; members, 70,345; infants baptized, 2,185; adults baptized, 2,406; number of Sabbath Schools, 762; officers and teachers, 4,956; scholars, 43,196; volumes in libraries, 31,642, valued at $7,589; parsonages 88, valued at $107,239; churches, 805. valued at $832,934.

—After ell the arguments about cheapness and quality it appears that Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup is the best remedy for the cure of Coughs and Colds ever offered to the public. The price is only 25 cents a bottle and every druggist in the land sells and recommends it.

—Governor Jarvis received a telegram announcing the capture at Johnson City, East Tennessee, of Spencer Herrell, who in 1879 murdered Jonathan Cox, in Mitchell county, N. C. A reward of $300 is offered for Herrell, for whom search has been made for three years.

—The steamship Carmona cleared from New Orleans Thursday, the 7th, for Liverpool, with $10,360 bales of cotton, 12,600 bushels of wheat and 2,650 staves. This is the larest cargo of cotton ever carried by any vessel. The total weight is 5,840,000 pounds and the value $642.000.

NEW YORK, December 16.—The total visible supply of cotton for the world is 2,784,322 bales, of which 2,192,232 are American; against 2,827,866 and 2,409,596 respectively last year; receipts of cotton at all interior towns 174,027 bales; receipts from plantations 270,167; crop in sight 3,568,524.

—The sum of $1,700,000 has been spent by the Baptist Home Mission Society in fifty years. Of this sum $1,000,000 has been expended for the benefit of the Indians and the freedmen.

New Life

is given by using BROWN'S IRON BITTERS. In the Winter it strengthens and warms the system; in the Spring it enriches the blood and conquers disease; in the Summer it gives tone to the nerves and digestive organs; in the Fall it enables the system to stand the shock of sudden changes.

In no way can disease be so surely prevented as by keeping the system in perfect condition. BROWN'S IRON BITTERS ensures perfect health through the changing seasons, it disarms the danger from impure water and miasmatic air, and it prevents Consumption, Kidney and Liver Disease, &c.

H. S. Berlin, Esq., of the well-known firm of H. S. Berlin & Co., Attorneys, Le Droit Building, Washington, D. C., writes, Dec. 5th, 1881:

> *Gentlemen:* I take pleasure in stating that I have used Brown's Iron Bitters for malaria and nervous troubles, caused by overwork, with excellent results.

Beware of imitations. Ask for BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, and *insist* on having it. Don't be imposed on with something recommended as "*just as good.*" The genuine is made only by the Brown Chemical Co. Baltimore, Md.

—There have been very heavy rains in Oregon and Washington territory for the last week and much damage has been done. The rivers rose so rapidly that many of the inhabitants were forced to take refuge in trees where they remained all night. Mills, houses and other property were carried away.

RICHMOND, Dec. 13.—At the annual meeting of the stockholders of the Richmond & Danville Railroad Company to-day the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, A. S. Buford; directors, Robert Harris, M. Bayard Brown, B. F. Wallace, Wm. P. Clyde and John A. Rutherford, of New York, T. M. Logan and John P Branch, of Richmond, and R. Baring Gould of Yew York. The President's report for the past year shows that the total receipts of the company from all sources amounted to 4,226,843.77, and operating expenses and fixed charges to $3,570,-767.40, leaving a balance to the credit of the net income account of $555,876.37. Of this amount there were paid during the year as dividends $380,000, leaving a net balance of $175,-876.37.

—The Raleigh *News-Observer* says: The thoughtful legislature will recognize that the State has progressed somewhat. We do not stand still. We move forward constantly. In June, 1880, we had 1,400,000 inhabitants. To-day we have 1,500,000. The number of children between school ages has decreased six per cent. The number of teachers should be largely increased as well as the number of school districts and school-houses. We cannot afford to take a step backward.

SAN ANTONIO, Texas, December 13.—At 7 a. m., Tuesday, the false work of the bridge across the Great Dry Canyon, four miles west of the Pecos river, on Sunset road, and three fourths of a mile from the end of the Southern Pacific track, fell in a solid mass, precipitating nineteen bands a distance of seventy-five feet on the rocks below. Seven men were killed outright, and one has since died. There is little hope for the recovery of three others.

—Rev. Elias Dodson, the venerminister of God who has been lying in this city so ill for some days past, died this forenoon at 11.35 o'clock, at the residence of Mr. Alex. Oldham, on North Front Street. Mr. Dodson was a Baptist minister of many years' standing, and was agent in North Carolina for the Home Mission Board, and it was in pursuit of his business in this direction that he arrived here from Charleston on the 2d inst.—*Wil. Review, 13th inst.*

—Mrs. Jane Elliott, who was undoubtedly the oldest person in this county, died at her residedce in Eagle Mills township, on the 22d of November. She was over 100 years old—as accurately as can be ascertained, 102. She left 115 descendants. The oldest of her descendants of the fourth generation — great-great grandchildren — is Mr. Nat Reeves, who is 24 years of age.
—*Statesville Landmark.*

"My Back is Now Well."

That is what Mr. Clough, of Lowell, Mass., was happy to say after his wife had given him a good rubbing with PERRY DAVIS'S PAIN KILLER, and administed a dose inwardly. For four years he had been crippled with rheumatism, and suffered agony in his back. After using PAIN KILLER, he went to his business with comfort, and is now as well as ever he was.

—In fevers, malaria, billiousness, heartburn, etc., nothing is so beneficial as Brown's Iron Bitters.

—Most elegant lot of Ladies' and Gents' Purses and Pocket Books, and Ladies Hand Bags, in leather, plush and satin, at Salem Bookstore.

—It is always *best* to buy your station ery at a regular bookstore. We keep the best pens, ink, paper and school books, at the Salem Bookstore.

NEW YORK
WEEKLY HERALD.
ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

The circulation of this popular newspaper is constantly increasing. It contains all the leading news of the DAILY HERALD and is arranged in handy departments. The

Foreign News

embraces special dispatches from all quarters of the globe. Under the head of

American News

are given the Telegraphic Dispatches of the week from all parts of the Union. This feature alone makes

The Weekly Herald

the most valuable chronicle in the world, as it is the cheapest. Every week is given a faithful report of

Political News

embracing complete and comprehensive despatches from WASHINGTON, including full reports of the speeches of eminent politicians on the questions of the hour.

The Farm Department

of the WEEKLY HERALD gives the latest as well as the most practical suggestions and discoveries relating to the duties of the farmer, hints for raising CATTLE, POULTRY, GRAINS, TREES, VEGETABLES, &c., &c., with suggestions for keeping buildings and farming utensils in repair. This is supplemented by a well-edited department, widely copied, under the head of

The Home,

giving receipes for practical dishes, hints for making clothing and for keeping up with the fashions at the lowest price. Every item of cooking or economy suggested in this department is practically tested by experts before publication. Letters from our Paris and London correspondents on the very latest fashions. The Home Department of the WEEKKY HERALD will save the housewife more than one hundred times the price of the paper. The interests of

Skilled Labor

are looked after, and everything relating to mechanics and labor saving is carefully recorded. There is a page devoted to all the latest phases of the business markets, Crops, Merchandise, &c., &c. A valuable feature is found in the specially reported prices and conditions of

The Produce Market.

SPORTING NEWS at home and abroad, together with a STORY every week, a SERMON by some eminent divine, LITERARY, MUSICAL, DRAMATIC, PERSONAL and SEA NOTES. There is no paper in the world which contains so much news matter every week as the WEEKLY HERALD, which is sent, postage free, for One Dollar. You can subscribe at any time.

The New York Herald,
in a weekly form,
One Dollar a Year.

Address,
New York Herald,
BROADWAY and ANN STREET, New York.

GOOD BOOKS.

Don't you forget to call at the

SALEM BOOKSTORE

for your school supplies, as cheap if not cheaper than anywhere else. Try it.

The best Writing paper always on hand

Fancy Box Paper cheaper than ever 15, 25, 50, 75 cents and $1 per box.

We have a good supply of "Correspondence Cards and Envelopes." 25 cents formerly 35 and 40 cents per box. Nice goods at low prices.

MANY FANCY ARTICLES

willbe sold at and below cost, and no mistake for the next six weeks, such as

CHINAWARE,
TOY BOOKS,
JUVENILE BOOKS.

and a select lot of good

Miscellaneous Reading Books

at and below cost, in order to make room for

NEW GOODS.

Call and examine, and you will find many articles even lower in price than you think.

The lot comprises,
TALES,
TRAVELS,
BIOGRAPHY, &c.

BOOKS TO SUIT EVERYBODY.

Call early before the Books are sold.

A well selected stock of books can be bought here at a low price.

L. V. & E. T. BLUM.

Salem Cotton Gin.

SEED COTTON WILL NOW BE RECEIVED AT THE

Gin-House on Shallowford St.,

and the Gin will begin work on or before,

Monday, November 20th, 1882.

Cotton will be ginned on shares, or for cash; and we will buy the seed cotton, or the lint after ginning.

Our facilities for good, speedy work are admirable; our terms reasonable, and sqaure dealings guaranteed.

J. F. SHAFFNER.

Salem N. C., Nov. 13, 1882.

COTTON is KING BUT OUR ENGINE IS KING of COTTON!

An invaluable patented improvement found on no other ENGINES in the world. For Pamphlets and Price List, (also for SAW MILLS), address THE AULTMAN & TAYLOR CO., Mansfield, Ohio.

1883.

HARPER'S WEEKLY,
ILLUSTRATED.

HARPER'S WEEKLY stands at the head of American illustrated weekly journals. By its unpartisan position in politics, its admirable illustrations, its carefully chosen serials, short stories, sketches, and poems, contributed by the foremost artists and authors of the day, it carries instruction and entertainment to thousands of American houses.

It will always be the aim of the publishers to make *Harper's Weekly* the most popular and attractive family newspaper in the world.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS.
Per Year.

HARPER'S WEEKLY	$ 4 00
HARPER'S MAGAZINE	4 00
HARPER'S BAZAR	4 00
The THREE above publications	10 00
Any TWO above named	7 00
HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE	1 50
HARPER'S MAGAZINE, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE	5 00
HARPER'S FRANKLIN SQUARE LIBRARY, One Year, (52 numbers)	10 00

Postage Free to all subscribers in the United States or Canada.

The Volumes of the *Weekly* begin with the first Number for January of each year. When no time is mentioned, it will be understood that the subscriber wishes to commence with the Number next after the receipt of order.

The last Four Annual Volumes of *Harper's Weekly* in neat cloth binding, will be sent by mail, postage paid, or by express, free of expense (provided the freight does not exceed one dollar per volume), for $7.00 per volume.

Cloth cases for each volume, suitable for binding, will be sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of $1 00 each.

Remittances should be made by Post-Office Money Order or Draft, to avoid chance of loss.

Newspapers are not to copy this advertisement without the express order of HARPER & BROTHERS.

Address HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

1888.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.
ILLUSTRATED.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE begins its sixty-sixth volume with the December Number. It is not only the most popular illustrated periodical in America and England, but also the largest in its scheme, the most beautiful in its appearance, and the best magazine for the home. A new novel, entitled "For the Major," by CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON, the author of "Anne," was begun in the November Number. In literary and artistic excellence the *Magazine* improves with each successive number. Special efforts have been made for the lighter entertainment of its readers through humorous, stories, sketches, etc.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS.
Per Year.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE	$ 4 00
HARPER'S WEEKLY	4 00
HARPER'S BAZAR	4 00
The THREE above publications	10 00
Any TWO above named	7 00
HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE	1 50
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HARPER'S FRANKLIN SQUARE LIBRARY, One Year (52 Numbers)	10 00

Postage free to all subscribers in the United States or Canada.

The volumes of the *Magazine* begin with the Numbers for June and December of each year. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber wishes to begin with the current number.

The last Eight Volumes of *Harpers Magazine*, in neat cloth binding, will be sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of $3 00 per volume. Cloth cases for binding, 50 cents each—by mail, postpaid.

Index to *Harper's Magazine*, Alphabetical, Analytical and Classified, for Volumes 1 to 60, inclusive, From June, 1850, to June, 1880, one vol., 8vo, Cloth, $4.

Remittances should be made by Post-Office Money or draft, to avoid chance of loss.

Newspapers are not to copy this advertisement withaut the express order of HARPER & BROTHERS.

Address HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

1883.

HARPER'S BAZAR.
ILLUSTRATED.

This popular journal is a rare combination of literature, art, and fashion. Its stories, poems, and essays are by the best writers of Europe and America; its engravings possess the highest artistic excellence; and in all matters pertaining to fashion it is universally acknowledged to be the leading authority in the land. The new volume will contain many brilliant novelties.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS,
Per Year.

HARPER'S BAZAR	$ 4 00
HARPER'S MAGAZINE	4 00
HARPER'S WEEKLY	4 00
The THREE above publications	10 00
Any TWO above named	7 00
HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE	1 50
HARPER'S MAGAZINE, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE	5 00
HARPER'S FRANKLIN SQUARE LIBRARY, One Year (52 Numbers)	10 00

Postage Free to all subscribers in the United States or Canada.

The volumes of the *Bazar* begin with the first number for January of each year. When no time is mentioned, it will be understood that the subscriber wishes to commence with the Number next after the receipt of order.

The last Four Annual Volumes of *Harpers Bazar*, in neat cloth binding, will be sent by mail, postage paid, or by express, free of expense (provided the freight does not exceed one dollar per volume) for $7.00 per volume.

Cloth cases for each volume, suitable for binding, will be sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of $1.00 each.

Remittances should be made by Post-Office Money order or Draft, to avoid chance of loss.

Newspapers are not to copy this advertisement without the express order of HARPER & BROTHERS.

Address HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

Dr. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP

For the Cure of Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Bronchitis, Croup, Influenza, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Incipient Consumption and for the relief of consumptive persons in advanced stages of the Disease. For Sale by all Druggists.—Price, 25 Cents.

SALEM MARKETS.

Wheat,	$ 1 00 to 1 15
Corn, per bushel,	60 to 00
Oats, " "	50 to 55
Rye, " "	00 to 00
Barley, per bush.	00 to 00
Flour, per hundred,	2 50 to 2 75
Peas, (col'd,) per bushel,	0 00 to 0 00
Peas, (white,) " "	0 00 to 0 00
Beans, (col'd,) " "	00 to 00
Beans, (white,) " "	00 to 00
Onion Setts, per bushel,	0 00 to 00
Pork,	to 10
Country Meat, (hog round,)	00 to 00
" Hams'	00 to 00
Green Apples per bushel,	00 to 75
Eggs, per dozen,	15 to 20
Butter, per pound,	25 to 30
Tallow, " "	6 to 8
Beeswax, " "	20 to 21
Flax Seed, per bushel	80 to 90
Potatoes, Irish, per bush.	50 to 0
Potatoes, sweet, " "	00 to 00
Cabbage, per pound,	00 to 1
Chickens, per dozen,	2 00 to 3 00
Hay, per hundred,	40 to 50
Fodder, per hundred bdls,	00 to 00
Shucks, per hundred lbs.	00 to 00

DRIED FRUITS.

Cherries per lb.	18 cents.
Berries " "	6 cents.
Quarter Apples,	to 4 cents.
Sliced "	to 6 cents.
Fancy, "	to 7 cents.
Peeled Peaches,	6 to 12 cts.
Halve and quarter Peaches,	3 to 4 cents,

Winston Tobacco Market.

Lugs Common Red	3 00 to 4 50
" Good	7 00 to 10 00
" Bright	5 00 to 7 00
" Good	8 50 to 9 00
" Fine	12 00 to 18 00
Fillers Common	4 00 to 7 50
" Good	8 00 to 12 00
" Fine	12 00 to 10 00
Wrappers Common	12 00 to 18 00
" Good	20 00 to 30 00
" Fine	35 00 to 50 00
" Fancy	55 00 to 65 00

WANTED. Agents.—Now ready for Subscribers. The leading book of the century.

Eve's Daughters,

or, "COMMON SENSE FOR MAID, WIFE and MOTHER." By MARION HARLAND, Author of "Common Sense in the Household," etc. A book which the best judges predict will outsell, do more good and create a greater sensation than any work published since "Uncle Tom's Cabin." This volume will be eagerly sought for by hundreds of thousands who are familiar with her other *popular* works.

"A standard and indispensable book for all women who seek health and happiness."—*New England Journal of Education.*

"We commend this earnest book to her wide circle of American sisters, to whom it is dedicated."—*Express and Mail.*

"We trust mothers and teachers will give it the thoughtful reading it deserves."—*Christian Intelligencer.*

"I can heartily endorse every word uttered by others in commendation of it."—*Behson T. Lossing.*

"No home should lack a copy where daughters are being reared.—*Mrs. Mury A. Livermore.*

"Bright, varied and attractive in style, true and solid in matter."—*Rev. John Hall, D. D.*

A book no mother or daughter can afford to be without.

SUCCESS ASSURED FROM THE START.
NO EXPERIMENTING.

10,000 copies ordered by agents in advance of publication.

Royal 12 mo. Beautifully bound in new shade of cloth $2.00, same, full guilt $2.50. By subscription only.

For liberal terms and choice territory apply at once to J. R. ANDERSON & H. S. ALLEN, 55 Chambers St., N. Y.

FARMERS
Look! Look!! Look!!!
TO YOUR INTEREST,

and don't fail to secure

Tate's Improved Little Monitor Grain and Seed Separator,

if you want clean seed and best grade of flour, and compete for the premiums to be awarded at the WHEAT FAIR, Aug. 26th

Now is your time to make money by investing in one of those valuable machines

If you have this Mill, you can get No. 1 seed out of your filthiest wheat. It will separate all the different kinds of filth, such as oats, barley, rye, cheat, cockle, smut, wild onions, rat dirt, &c., and give you two grades once running through; first grade all the largest and best matured kernels, for seed; second grade cleaned so that it will make No. 1 flour without running through the smutter, thus you save all your screenings to feed your stock. This point alone will save cost of the Machine in cleaning 300 bushels. You will also save 1 peck per acre in seeding, and make from 3 to 5 bushels more per acre in harvesting, by using the LITTLE MONITOR. You can also clean your clover and grass seed to perfection. Your oats, barley, rye, corn, buck wheat, flax seed, &c.

Don't lose any time, but call and examine the machine for yourselves. If you cannot call, send for illustrated circulars.

Shop on Main street, opposite Big Coffee Pot, Salem, N. C.

Very Respectfully,
W. M. TATE.

Salem, N. C., Aug. 3, 1882.—31-3m.

F. & H. Fries, Cotton and Woolen Manufacturers, Salem, N. C., Aug. 8, 1882.—Messrs. E. TATE & SON, Dear Sirs:—We have used one of your Little Monitors for several years and are pleased with the work; we have examined the machines you now offer to the public, and think them to be better than the one we use, and would suggest to farmers having much grain to sow or prepare for market, that they give the mahhine a thorough trial and thereby improve the quality of their wheat. We think every neighborhood, if not every farmer, should have at least one of your machines.

Respectfully,
F. & H. FRIES.

Post Office Directory.

Salem, N. C. Post Office Arrangements. Office hours from 7 o'clock, A. M., to 6 P. M., during the week, and on Sunday from 7 to 8 A. M.

TIME OF ARRIVAL AND CLOSING OF MAILS.

RAILROAD, from Greensboro to Salem closes every day, except Sunday at 4.00. a. m., and every day at 5.30, p. m. Due every day, by 10:20, a. m., and every day except Sunday, by 11.45, a. m.

MOUNT AIRY, via Winston, Old Town, Bethania, Five Forks, Tobaccoville, Dalton, Bliss and Flat Shoals. Closes every day except Sunday at 7:00, a. m. Due every day except Sunday, at 3, p. m.

DANBURY, via Winston, Flat Branch, Sedge Garden, Germanton Walnut Cove and Meadows. Closes every day except Sunday at 6:00, a. m, Due every day, except Sunday by 3, p. m.

YADKINVILLE, via Winston, Lewisville, Panther Creek Conrad's and Charity closes every day except Sunday at 6:00, a. m. Due every day except Sunday by 3, p. m.

ROCKFORD, via Vienna, Shore and East Bend and Richmond Hill. Closes Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 5:30, a. m. Due Monday, Wednesday and Friday by 6, p. m.

FULTON, via Friedberg, Advance and Elbaville. Closes every Tuesday and Friday at 6:00, a. m. Due Tuesday and Friday by 7, p. m.

J. BLICKENDERFER, P. M.

—School Children's Autograph Album, only 10 cents. It is neat and pretty. At Salem Bookstore.

FIVE LOTS IN WINSTON FOR SALE—Two in West Winston, near the residence of W. B. Glenn, and three East of the Court-House, near the residence of Christ. Tavis. All good building lots. Apply early at this office.

Becker's Washing Machine.

The Best Machine in Use.

The subscriber begs leave to inform the citizens of Winston, Salem and the vicinity that he is agent for

BECKER'S WASHING MACHINE.

and refers by permission to the following ladies of Salem and Winston:

Mrs J. A. Bitting, Mrs. C. T. Pfohl, Mrs. Wm. Grunert, Mrs. Chas. A. Winkler, Mrs. Chas. Brietz, Mrs. Dr. Ector and Mrs. J. C. Buxton, to whom I have sold Washers and Wringers.

Machines ordered at short notice.

Also agent for

A. H. Allen's Pill and Worm Medicine,

and various other Medicines.

The Medicines can be had at my house 1½ miles west of Salem, at any time.

W. W. FANSLER.

Dec. 14, 1882.—3m.

DR. BUTTS DISPENSARY.

Established 1847 at 12 N. 8th Street, ST. LOUIS, MO.

THE Physicians in charge of this old and well known institution are regular graduates in medicine and surgery. Years of Experience in the treatment of Chronic Diseases have made their skill and ability so much superior to that of the ordinary practitioner, that they have acquired a national reputation through their treatment of complicated cases.

INDISCRETION OR EXPOSURE Producing affections of the blood, skin or bones, treated with success, on scientific principles, without using Mercury or other Poisonous Medicines and at moderate expense.

YOUNG MEN and those of middle age who are suffering from organic weakness that unfits its victims for business or marriage, permanently cured, at moderate expense.

PATIENTS TREATED by Mail and Express in all cases where possible personal consultation is preferred, which is FREE and invited. List of questions to be answered by patients desiring treatment mailed free to any address on application.

Persons suffering from Ruptures should send their address, and learn something to their advantage. Its not a truss. Communications strictly confidential, and should be addressed DR. BUTTS, 12 North 8th St., St. Louis, Mo.

GEO. E. NISSEN & CO.,
SALEM, N. C.,
WAGON MANUFACTURERS.

Using only the best of materials, we make the best of work, and warrant every job. We have the oldest and largest Wagon Works, and our wagons have the best reputation of any in the State. Every Wagon bears the name "J. P. NISSEN, Salem, P. O., N. C." Write for prices. Refer to all who are using our Wagons.

R. B. KERNER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
WINSTON, N.C.

The Cheapest and Best.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

Unequaled Premiums for 1883.

The principal premiums for getting up clubs for 1883 will be a superb steele engraving (size 27 inches by 20) for framing, after Muncksy's

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The People's Press.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1882.

LOCAL ITEMS.

—The Christmas decorations at the Arista Mills are not for the public, but for the operatives in the mill only.

HARPER'S.—Subscriptions for all of Harper's periodicals received at this office, in clubs with the PRESS.

MORAVIAN TEXT BOOKS,

FOR 1883,

AT SALEM BOOKSTORE.

☞ All the new style Buttons at Mrs. Douthit's.

—Pork is slow sale at $10 per hundred.

—The hens now lay eggs at 20 cents per dozen.

☞ A large line Corsets at Mrs. Douthit's.

—Good ice, good skating and the ice-houses about all filled.

—Prof. Thos. Norwood, of Bingham's School, was the guest of Dr. H. T. Bahnson.

☞ A choice lot of Colognes at Mrs. Douihit's.

—W. W. Fansler advertises "Beckwith's Washing Machine." It is highly recommended.

☞ I have just received *fresh* from the Manufacturers, a fine lot of Fancy French Candies, Caramels, &c., also Hall's plain Candies. Call at my New Grocery, (formerly Finch's stand.)

H. W. SHORE.

—The time-honored Christmas cakes have been and are being made in many households.

For Raisins, Currants, Prunes, Preserved Citron, Extracts, Spices, Fruits, &c., go to H. W. SHORE'S.

—S. H. Smith, of Winston, has been appointed Grand Senior Deacon, by the Grand Lodge of Masons.

☞ Fresh Malaga Grapes, Florida Oranges, Cocoanuts and Bananas at

H. W. SHORE'S NEW GROCERY.

—Tom Jones has been taken to the Insane Asylum, at Raleigh.

☞ 50 dozen assorted Kid Gloves at Mrs. Douthit's.

—The Fulkerson property was sold on last Saturday for $1,050; and the Veach property for $1,215.

☞ Go to FRIES' for your FINE SHOES.

—The question is, what is the matter with a young man when he forgets the day of the week? Can any of the girls answer?

☞ Nice assortment of Ladies' Cloaks at Mrs. Douthit's.

—Mrs. James F. Brower, of Farmington, Davie county, is spending the holiday season with her mother, Mrs. O. A. Keehln.

—The annual Lovefeast of the Sextons, Sunday School teachers and other officers of the Moravian church, in this place, was celebrated on last Friday night.

☞ All the new styles Hats and Bonnets at Mrs. Douthit's.

—W. J. Cooper lost one of his fine milch cows Sunday night. She died from being foundered, having got to where bran was kept and eating too much.

☞ Misses' Hose in endless variety at Mrs. Douthit's.

—Have your Christmas turkies well secured as turkey thieves are about. C. W. Vogler had a fine turkey stolen one night last week, and we learn that Dr. Wheeler had several stolen from his henery.

☞ All kinds Toilet Soap at Mrs. Douthit's.

—At the annual conference of the M. P. Church, held at Shiloh church, in Davidson county, Rev. R. H. Wills was appointed for the Winston circuit, and Rev. F. M. Totten for the Winston Mission. See appointments elsewhere.

A FULL LINE OF

☞ ELEGANT BOOKS, ☜

FOR ALL AGES AND TASTES,

AT THE SALEM BOOKSTORE.

Address at the Opera-House.

On Wednesday evening, the 27th of this month, at 7½ o'clock, P. M., Mr. P. H. Winston, at the invitation of the Masonic Lodge of Winston, will deliver and oration.

Subject: "Humanity." Admission free. A collection will be taken up, entire proceeds of which will be given to the Oxford Orphan Asylum. Ladies especially invited. Music by the cornet band.—*Leader.*

—The largest and most complete assortment of

ZIEGLER BROTHER'S SHOES

ever brought to this market, just received. H. W. FRIES.

STOKES COUNTY.—The latter part of last week Mr. Calvin Flinn, who has a steam saw-mill near Pine Hall, in this county was whetting his saw, when from some cause the saw started, so lacerating him that it is said there is no hopes of his recovery.

About the same time at one of the Hill's gristmills, near the Surry line, the miller (we did not learn his name) went below as is supposed to grease some of the gearing of the mill, when he was caught in the cogs and killed almost instantly.

We learn from the keeper of the poor that there are thirteen paupers in the Stokes poor house at this time. One old gentleman, admitted this week, was but a few years since a well-to-do farmer. Truly the future is wrapped in mystery and none of us know where we will haul up.—*Danbury Reporter.*

LARGE EGG.—One of Miss M. M. Zeveley's hens laid several very large eggs recently, the largest weighing 4 ounces and measuring 8 inches the long way.

—Internal revenue collections, fifth district, for the week ending Saturday, December 16th, 1882, $9,659.35.

—The article copied last week from the *Republican* that Alfred Jenkins, of Stokes county, sold his wife, is discredited as a canard.

CHRISTMAS.—Before another issue the merry season will have passed, and we will be on the eve of another year. Naturally we may say "from grave to gay," but at this season the gayeties precede the solemn thought of the passing year, only to be followed by the joyful welcome of 1883. So we go from one year to another, and ere we are aware of it grow old in our world's work, both physically and mentally.

We tender our readers the compliments of the season.

—Weights of hogs, obtained since our last issue:

T. Vogler, two hogs, 255 and 320 pounds.

Lige Atwood (col.), one hog, 220 lbs.

C. A. Winkler, four hogs, 375, 393, 261 and 370 pounds.

Jesse Brown, two hogs, 287 and 260 pounds.

C. H. Fogle, two hogs, 241 and 289 pounds.

Wm. Brendle, one hog, 208 pounds.

—Dr. Wiseman, of Farmington, Davie county, one hog, 17 months old, weighing 475 pounds.

Thomas Spaugh, of this place, handed us the following:

He slaughtered two hogs, weight 815 pounds.

Cost of purchase and keeping 11 months and 14 days: Weighed 67 lbs. a piece when put up, making 134 lbs at 5 cents a pound, $ 6.70

Fed 19½ bushels	corn at $1,	19.50
" 5 "	potatoes at 50c.,	2.50
" 18½ "	new corn at 60c.,	11.10
Cost of killing,		2.00
		$41.80
815 lbs. pork, at 11 cents,		$89.65
		41.80
Profit,		$47.85

From Old Town township: Franklin James five hogs, 15 months old, 365, 334, 365, 316, 216, making a total of 1,626 pounds.

Thomas Styers, three hogs, 12 months old, 963 pounds all together.

Wm. Beck, two hogs, 324 and 292 pounds.

Adaline Shouse, one hog, 314 pounds.

Several more good hogs to kill yet.

Edward Foltz, two hogs, 268½ and 350 pounds.

Felix Sink, two hogs, 14 months old, 316 and 314.

A. N. Reich, three hogs, 15 months old, 358, 344 and 334.

HOLIDAY BOOKS.

Every Winter brings out particularly bright and beautifully illustrated books for the Christmas Holidays. You can buy two Circus books and visit a Menagerie, with appropriate descriptions, for 60 cents. 5 to 25 cents will give you a Mother Goose. 25 to 50 cents purchases a fine linen book, and 5, 10, 15, 20 and 25 cents will give you enough bright pictures for a housefull of boys and girls. The Chatterboxes can be bought for $1.25. Well bound books, full of the best reading for the older children, at $1.25 and $2. Harper's Young People, bound in Cloth, $3. Particular attention is called to these books. Histories and Biographies are offered at $1. These are most excellent books for all classes. $5 will give you "George Washington and other great commanders." Child's History of England, Pilgrim's Progress, Tales from Shakespeare, Arabian Nights, or a selection of five good $1 books, as you like.

The more finely bound Books range from $1.50, $2, $3, and $5. Prominent among this series are Lanier's Boy's Books, American Scenery, On the Edge of Winter, Colonial Boys, Vicar of Wakefield, and a number of other books, including the latest and best novels of the season.

The Gift Books are more beautiful than ever. Such books as Indian Summer, $5; Herrick's Poems, $8; Select Poems, $5; Landscape Poets, $1.25, not forgetting the Diamond Poets and the various Birthday Books at $1.

Glass Inkstands, Paper Weights, Olive Wood Goods, Box Papers, Paper Knives for cutting Magazines, &c., Games, and a lot of other beautiful Holiday goods at

BLUM'S BOOKSTORE, Salem, N. C.

MARRIED.

By Rev. I. I. York, at the residence of the bride's father Mr. G. W. Charles, on Deep River, Dec. 6, Mr. F. M. PICKETT, of High Point, to Miss NORA C. CHARLES, all of Guilford county, N. C.

At the residence of Mrs. Lindsay, in Lexington, on the 13th inst., Mr. ROBERT GALLOWAY, Jr., of Richmond, Va., to Miss SALLIE L., daughter of the late Alfred G. Foster. Rev. Geo. B. Wetmore officiating.

In Farmville, Va., on Thursday, Dec. 7th, by Rev. Jones Nelson, Mr. JOSEPH REID of Winston, to Miss LEE J. ROBINSON, of Farmville, Va.

In this place, on Tuesday evening last, by Rev. H. A. Brown, Mr. N. B. PEARCE, of Winston, to Miss ELIZA RAPER, of this place.

FOR SALE.

I have for sale privately, ONE HOUSE and LOT, on Old Town street, in Winston; and another HOUSE and LOT in the Northern part of Liberty. For sale cheap. Apply soon.

R. B. KERNER, Attorney.

Winston, N. C., Dec. 14, 1882.

☞ Everybody in Salem and the surrounding country are respectfully invited to buy goods of C. R. WELFARE. NEW GOODS just received.

HERRICK'S POEMS,

THE FINEST GIFT BOOKS OF THE SEASON,

AT SALEM BOOKSTORE.

SPLENDID PRESENT FOR CHRISTMAS.

"ISMS"

THE WORST "ISM" TO-DAY IS

Rheumatism

RHEUMATISM IN THE BACK Cured by PERRY DAVIS'S PAIN KILLER.

RHEUMATISM IN THE KNEES Cured by PERRY DAVIS'S PAIN KILLER.

RHEUMATISM IN THE MUSCLES Cured by PERRY DAVIS'S PAIN KILLER.

RHEUMATISM OF LONG STANDING Cured by PERRY DAVIS'S PAIN KILLER.

RHEUMATIC SUFFERERS, buy of any Druggist

Perry Davis's Pain Killer

A Cough, Cold or Sore Throat should be stopped. Neglect frequently results in an **Incurable Lung Disease or Consumption. BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES** do not disorder the stomach like cough syrups and balsams, but **act directly on the inflamed parts,** allaying irritation, give relief in **Asthma, Bronchitis, Cough, Catarrh,** and the **Throat Troubles** which **Singers** and **Public Speakers** are subject to. For thirty years Brown's Bronchial Troches have been recommended by physicians, and have always given perfect satisfaction. Having been tested by wide and constant use for nearly an entire generation, they have attained well merited rank among the few staple remedies of the age. Sold at twenty-five cents a box everywhere.

Mothers! Mothers!! Mothers!!!

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with the excruciating pain of cutting teeth? If so, go at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately—depend upon it; there is no mistake about it. There is not a mother on earth who has ever used it, who will not tell you at once that it will regulate the bowels, and give rest to the mother, and relief and health to the child, operating like magic. It is perfectly safe to use in all cases, and pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Sold everywhere. 25 cents a bottle.

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Address, Munn & Co., publishers of Scientific American, 261 Broadway, New York.

Handbook about patents mailed free.

TO THE PUBLIC.

NOTICE is hereby given that after the lapse of thirty days from this date, application will be made to the next General Assembly of North Carolina for the passage of a necessary law to remove all obstructions from South Fork of Muddy Creek and its tributaries, in the counties of Forsyth and Davidson, so as to secure a free flow of the creek, and prevent the filling up of the channel by the felling of timber and washing of sand and other obstructions into the same.

This 12th day of December, 1882.

MANY CITIZENS.

53d YEAR.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK

FOR 1883.

WILL CONTAIN!

A Complete Novel in Every Issue.

Besides its usual rich array of Fashion, Art and Literary Matter.

ONLY $2 PER YEAR.

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The PEOPLE'S PRESS and GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK for one Year, at $3.

Look! Premiums to Club Raisers:

ONE copy one year	$2 00
TWO copies and 1 engraving to club raiser	3 70
THREE copies and 2 engravings to club raiser	5 25
FOUR copies and 3 engravings to club raiser	6 60
For a club of FIVE, with a remittance of we will give one free copy of the Lady's Book for one year, and and 6 of the engravings the club raiser may select.	10 50
For a club of TEN, with a remittance of we will give one copy of the Lady's Book for one year, 10 engravings and a handsome portfolio.	18 50
For a club of FIFTEEN, with a remittance of we will give one copy of the Lady's Book for one year, 15 engravings and a handsome portfolio.	27 00
For a club of TWENTY, with a remittance of we will give one copy of the Lady's Book for one year, the entire 20 engravings and a handsome portfolio.	35 50

On application the Publishers will furnish a list of the Twenty Engravings, from which you may make your own selection.

Specimen copy of Lady's Book sent free to club raisers only.

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PUBLISHERS GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK,

Philadelphia, Pa.

—Create a healthy appetite, prevent malarial diseases, by using Brown's Iron Bitters.

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FIRST CLASS

JOB PRINTING,

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Figures.

Give us a trial.

L.V.&E.T.Blum.

SALEM, N. C.

NOTICE.

HAVING duly qualified as Executors of the last will and testament of C. T. Shultz deceased, all persons indebted to said deceased are requested to make payment of the same to us at once and thereby save costs and all those having claims against the estate of the said deceased are hereby notified to present them duly proven as the law directs within twelve months from the date of this notice or the same will be plead in bar of their recovery—this 20th day of November, 1882.

WM. A. SHULTZ, JACOB C. CONRAD, } Executors of C. T. Shultz deceased.

PAY YOUR

CORPORATION TAXES

TAX PAYERS will please come forward at once and pay their taxes. The money is needed to pay for work done on the streets.

I. N. CLINARD, Collector.

Salem, N. C., Oct. 31, 1881.

For The

HOLIDAYS

THE DISPLAY OF

CHOICE ART BOOKS,

FRINGED CHRISTMAS BOOKS,

BOYS' AND GIRLS' BOOKS

—AND—

Books For Everybody,

IS GREATER THAN EVER.

The selections have been carefully made, and the public will find enough variety to select from the cheapest

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TO THE FINEST

GIFT BOOK

OF THE SEASON.

THE GOLDEN FLORAL FRINGED BOOKS

ARE PERFECT GEMS IN THEIR LINE

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Fancy Goods

ARE EQUALLY VARIED,

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GAMES,

Sliced Pictures,

CHRISTMAS CARDS,

CALENDARS,

Shakesperian, Day unto Day, Every Day, Longfellow and Emerson,

HYMN BOOKS,

SCRAP BOOKS,

Framed Chromos.

☞ ALL CHEAP FOR CASH. ☜

L. V. & E. T. BLUM.

Salem, N. C., Nov. 30, 1882.

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HOLY LAND, beautifully illustrated with lithograph on tint.

INDIAN SUMMER, fully illustrated with colored lithographs of autum leaves and flowers.

ARTIST'S YEAR, a choice book, richly bound, the backs tied with silken skeins, and superbly illustrated. A splendid centre table book.

AMERICAN PROSE and AMERICAN POETS

are twin books of real merit, illustrated with steel portraits.

The BIRTHDAY BOOKS are neat and substantially bound.

LANDSCAPE POETS,

DIAMOND POETS,

and numerous other books, making a display seldom seen in this section. L. V. & E. T. BLUM,

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SOLE LEATHER, SALT, OILS AND PAINTS,

in fact all else usually kept in a

FIRST CLASS WHOLESALE AND RETAIL ESTABLISHMENT.

To country merchants we will only say that the immense trade which we now enjoy enables us to buy our goods in original packages and from first hands, and places us on an equal footing with the jobbers of Richmond and elsewhere, and that we are now abler than ever to meet competition from any and every quarter. We return sincere thanks for your liberal patronage during this year and pledge ourselves to use all honorable means at our command to merit your entire trade. We will continue to sell the

Star Brand Special Tobacco Manure.

We offer it to the farmers as the very best Tobacco Fertilizer ever made.

Respectfully your Friends,

HINSHAW & BYNUM.

Nov. 20th, 1882.

D. HARTER'S IRON TONIC.

A combination of Protoxide of Iron, Peruvian Bark and Phosphorus in a palatable form. For Debility, Loss of Appetite, Prostration of Vital Powers it is indispensable.

PURIFIES THE BLOOD

REV. A. I. HOBBS Writes:—"After a thorough trial of the IRON TONIC I take pleasure in stating that I have been greatly benefited by its use. Ministers and Public Speakers will find it of the greatest value where a Tonic is necessary. I recommend it as a reliable remedial agent, possessing undoubted nutritive and restorative properties. *Louisville, Ky., Oct. 2, 1882.*

REV. J. L. TOWNER, Industry, Ill., says:—"I consider it a most excellent remedy for the debilitated vital forces.

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Seventy-ninth Annual Session begins September 7, 1882.

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—Best ever made, Emory's Little Cathartic Pills, pleasant to take, sugar-coated; no griping; only 15 cents a box, of Druggists or by mail. Standard Cure Co., 114 Nassau street, New York.

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TUTT'S EXPECTORANT

Is composed of Herbal and Mucilaginous products, which permeate the substance of the Lungs, expectorates the acrid matter that collects in the Bronchial Tubes, and forms a soothing coating, which relieves the irritation that causes the cough. It cleanses the lungs of all impurities, strengthens them when enfeebled by disease, invigorates the circulation of the blood, and braces the nervous system. Slight colds often end in consumption. It is dangerous to neglect them. Apply the remedy promptly. A test of twenty years warrants the assertion that no remedy has ever been found that is as prompt in its effects as TUTT'S EXPECTORANT. A single dose raises the phlegm, subdues inflammation, and its use speedily cures the most obstinate cough. A pleasant cordial, children take it readily. For Croup it is invaluable and should be in every family.

In 25c. and $1 Bottles.

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ACT DIRECTLY ON THE LIVER.

Cures Chills and Fever, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Bilious Colic, Constipation, Rheumatism, Piles, Palpitation of the Heart, Dizziness, Torpid Liver, and Female Irregularities. If you do not "feel very well," a single pill at bed-time stimulates the stomach, restores the appetite, imparts vigor to the system. Price, 25c. 35 Murray St., N.Y.

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North Carolina R.R.

Condensed Schedules.

TRAINS GOING EAST.

Date, April 30 1882.	No. 51. Daily.	No. 53. Daily
Leave Charlotte	4 00 a m	4 00 p m
" Salisbury	5 58 a m	6 34 p m
" High Point	7 20 a m	7 35 p m
Arrive Greensboro	8 00 a m	8 06 p m
Leave Greensboro	9 30 a m	.....
Arrive Hillsboro	11 47 a m	.....
" Durham	12 25 a m	.....
" Raleigh	1 40 p m	.....
Leave "	4 05 p m	.....
Arrive Goldsboro	6 20 p m	.....

No. 17—Daily, except Saturday. Leave Greensboro 5 00 p. m. Arrive at Raleigh 1 51 a. m. Arrive Goldsboro 7 20 a. m.

No. 51—Connects at Greensboro with R. & D. R. R. for all points North, East and West, via Danville. At Goldsboro with W. & W. R. R. for Wilmington.

No. 53.—Connects at Salisbury with W. N. C. R. R., for all points in Western North Carolina daily; at Greensboro with R. & D. R. R. for all points North, East and West.

TRAINS GOING WEST.

Date, April 30, 1882.	No. 50. Daily.	No. 52. Daily.
Leave Goldsboro	10 00 a m	.....
Arrive Raleigh	12 20 p m	.....
Leave "	3 55 p m	.....
Arrive Durham	5 06 p m	.....
" Hillsboro	5 46 p m	.....
" Greensboro	8 05 p m	.....
Leave "	9 15 p m	9 40 a m
Arrive High Point	9 50 p m	10 10 a m
" Salisbury	11 12 p m	11 34 a m
" Charlotte	1 00 a m	1 00 a m

No. 18, D'lyex. Sunday—Lv. Golds. 2 50 p. m Ar. Raleigh 7 10 p. m Lv. Raleigh 6 00 a. m Ar. Greensboro 3 15 p. m

No. 50—Connects at Charlotte with A. & C. A. L., for all points in South and Southwest and with C. C. & A. R. R. for all points Southeast.

No. 52—Connects at Charlotte with A. & C. A.-L. for points South and Southwest; at Charlotte with C. C. & A. R. R. for all points South and Southwest.

N. W. N. C. RAILROAD.

GOING WEST.	No. 50, Daily.	No. 52, Daily, ex.Sun
Leave Greensboro	9 25 p m	9 50 a m
Arrive Kernersville	10 41 p m	11 01 a m
" Salem	11 25 p m	11 35 a m

GOING EAST.	No. 51, Daily, ex. Sun.	No. 53, Daily.
Leave Salem	5 15 a m	6 00 p m
Arrive Kernersville	5 50 a m	6 40 p m
" Greensboro	7 00 a m	8 00 p m

State University Railroad.

GOING NORTH.	No. 1 Daily ex.Sun.
Leave Chapel Hill	10 40 a m
Arrive University	11 40 a m
Arrive Raleigh	12 15 a m

GOING SOUTH.	No. 2 Daily; ex.Sun.
Leave Raleigh	2 00 p m
Arrive University	12 10 p m
Arrive Chapel Hill	1 00 p m

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WITHOUT CHANGE,

On Train No. 50—New York and Atlanta via Washington and Danville, and between Charlotte and Charleston.

On Train No. 52—Richmond and Charlotte and Washington and Charlotte via Danville.

☞ Through Tickets on sale at Greensboro, Raleigh, Goldsboro, Salisbury and Charlotte, and at all principal points South South-west, West North and East. For Emigrant rates to Louisiana, Texas, Arkansas and the South-west, address

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Department of Drawing and Painting and Decorative Needlework.

THE STUDIO of the institution is now open, and tuition is offered in the various branches of the Department of Drawing and Painting and Decorative Needlework. The attention of ladies who may have leisure for study is invited.

Special arrangements will be made for lady students from town separately from those for the regular Academy classes.

For information in regard to the various branches of the course, and terms, apply at the office of the Academy.

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☞ JUST PUBLISHED. ☜

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ALMANAC

—FOR—

1883,

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HORSE DOCTOR.—A treatise on the horse and his diseases, for sale at the SALEM BOOK STORE. Price 25 cents.

—A select lot of Olive Wood Ink stands, Paper Knives, Postal Stamp Boxes, &c., just opened at Salem Bookstore.

—BLANK BOOKS at the Salem Book Store.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

Of the 140,000 known species of plants, M. de Candolle finds that mankind makes use of only about 300 at most. He states also that the cherry was known both in Greece and Italy long before the time of Lucullus.

Traveling in Japan Mr. C. Maries found that plants of the same species often appeared so differently in different parts of the country as to make him doubt their identity until after close examination. This was particularly true of coniferous trees.

The blood of crabs and other crustaceans has been proven by M. Frederick to have the same saline constitution and the same strong and bitter taste as the water they inhabit. But the blood of sea fishes is very different. It has not the same constitution as the water, and thus shows a marked superiority over that of crabs.

Archæologists know that ropes date from a very remote period, and had reached a state of considerable perfection at the dawn of the historical era. The first ropes were probably made from the fiber of the inner bark of trees, from grasses, or from the hides of animals. Among the relics of ancient Egyptians have been found sculptures showing the process of rope manufacture practiced more than 4,000 years ago, while the oldest records of that people represent well made ropes capable of sustaining enormous burdens. It appears that flax and the fibers of the date tree were employed for these ropes.

Last Moments of Maximilian.

At 7:30 in the morning Colonel Palacio with a detachment of soldiers came for the emperor, who, perfectly collected, sadly bade farewell to those about him. The entire garrison of Queretaro was out under arms, and the sentenced men were conducted in a carriage to Cerro de las Campanas, the scene of Maximilian's surrender to his enemies.

As the emperor stepped forth from the damp convent walls into the open street he looked around, freely inhaled the fresh morning air and exclaimed, "What a magnificent day! I have always wished to die on a day like this."

The city seemed deserted. Not a soul to be seen in the streets, shops closed, no curious gazers in the balconies, no spectators on the roofs—a veil of universal mourning seemed spread over Queretaro; for the unfortunate Maximilian had won the attachment of its people, and they deeply deplored his fate.

On the hill of Las Campanas, which overlooks the pleasant city with its numerous towers and cupolas, and near the spot where he had retreated after his betrayal, the emperor stepped into the square formed by the troops, again embraced the two who were to be his companions in death, and quietly and firmly took his stand facing the platoon detailed for his execution.

Miramon and Mejia were now brought forward. The first remained a few paces from the emperor, and Mejia, instead of taking post at the other side of the emperor, passed on beyond Miramon.

Once more the emperor stepped forth. Giving his hand to each soldier of the platoon detailed for his execution, he presented him with a newly minted double eagle bearing his medallion, saying: "Aim well—aim here," pointing to his heart, and returned to his place. Then in a clear voice he exclaimed: "Mexicans, may this blood be the last to be shed for the welfare of your country!"

Miramon in a few words repelled the imputation of treason.

Mejia cried out: "Viva Mejico—viva 'rl Emperador."

The rifles cracked—the three victims fell to the earth. "Hombre," whispered the emperor, as he sank—and all was over.

We need not dwell on the dreadful picture. There fell a noble heart. Maximilian, archduke of Austria, went to Mexico firm in the belief that its people called him, and with the desire to bring it naught but benefits and blessings. And what did he find? Treachery and bad faith.

Maximilian was a prince, a sailor, a poet, and more—a noble, honorable man, faithful to his word and feeling no sacrifice too great to uphold it. True and pure-hearted himself, he could not understand the falsity of other men. Foully betrayed by Napoleon and by Bazaine he fell. But he fell like a man, like a hero, like a prince.

* * * * * *

"Era una alma grande," said Palacio, as he turned from the execution. —*Frederick Gerstacker.*

How Potatoes Were Introduced in France.

M. Parmentier, in 1783, introduced potatoes into France in a novel manner. Having planted a considerable breadth of them at Montreuil, near Paris, he gained an audience of the unfortunate Louis XVI., in the course of which he inspired his majesty with ideas of the value of the potato.

"But how are we to make people eat what they are prejudiced against?" inquired the king.

"Sire, if your majesty will graciously afford me a little aid, that prejudice shall be removed," replied Parmentier.

"To overcome prejudice is difficult; but how can I aid you, M. Parmentier?"

"If your majesty will graciously order that a soldier shall mount guard in my potato field at Montreuil, potatoes shall be all the fashion in less than six months."

The king laughed, and granted Parmentier's request. Thenceforward a military guard might be seen promenading with measured step the naturalist's potato field. "How precious must that blue-flowered plant be!" thought the lookers-on. No more fear of leprosy—no more dread of poisoning. The highest people in France were proud to eat potatoes.

Strange History of a Will.

One has heard of wills written on bedposts, concealed in hayloft and flower-pots, and other possible and impossible places, but probably no will has ever passed through stranger vicissitudes than one admitted to probate by Sir James Hanaen. The testator was an engineer on board a Channel steamer, and made his will giving everything to his wife, and gave the will to her. Some time afterward they had a quarrel, during which she tore the will up and threw the pieces into the fire. The husband picked up the pieces and put them into an envelope labeled "Poison," but said he would make a new one. However, several years afterward he died of smallpox on his steamer, and on his clothing being searched before burning, the envelope with the pieces of the will inside it was luckily found and given to his wife. This brand plucked from the burning has now been pieced together and will be deposited at Somerset house; a lesson to all time to wives not to lose their tempers too far if they do not wish also to lose their husbands' property, or to save it only by a lawsuit.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Some Perils of the Deep.

In November, 1879, the steamer Southsella, bound for Port Said, had left Cardiff but a couple of days when she leaked so fast that plying the pumps proved of no avail, and she was obliged to put back with all speed. Upon a survey being made a hole was discovered in her starboard side, and in this hole was an eel fourteen inches long and two inches in diameter, evidently drawn into it by suction; an accidental intrusion for which the owner of the Southsella had good reason to be grateful, for had it not been for that eel she would, in all likelihood, have sunk in her loading berth.

A perilous feat of navigation was performed by the captain, mate and captain's wife of the steamer Edgar when, every man in the crew being rendered helpless by sickness soon after leaving the Senegal, the skipper turned engineer, the mate fireman, and the captain's wife acted as man at the helm. The plucky three brought the ship safe home to England.

In 1872 a Boston ship was struck by a storm on the banks of Newfoundland. Captain Wilson had his shoulder-blade broken by the fall of a mast and the first mate and part of the crew were at the same time disabled. No sooner, however, had the captain been carried to his cabin than his wife, a woman of one-and-twenty, hurried on deck, told the men to work with a will, and she would take them into port. The wreckage was cleared, the pumps manned and the gale was weathered. Then a jury-mast was rigged, the ship put before the wind, and in twenty-one days reached St. Thomas. After repairing damages there, finding her husband still helpless, the indomitable woman navigated the ship to Liverpool. Captain Wilson was never able to resume work, and for seven years his brave wife supported him and her child by working as clerk in a dry goods store. Then he died, and Mrs. Wilson was deservedly appointed to a custom-house inspectorship by Secretary Sherman. Such women are still to the fore. In a newspaper of 1880 was to be read:

"The brigantine Moorburg left Foochow, in China, in October last, for Melbourne, carrying a crew of four, exclusive of the captain, whose wife was with him, and the mate. During the earlier part of the voyage the crew fell sick, and one after another died. This left the entire management of the ship to the captain, the mate and the captain's wife. The heat was frightful, and, as if there was not sufficient difficulty already, a leak was sprung, and the mate was reduced to a skeleton and almost helpless from sickness; the captain was covered with sores and his legs painfully swollen. The captain's wife, a small and by no means robust woman, kept her health; and not only did she nurse all the sick in turn and look after her baby, but she took the wheel in the regular watches and did her share of seaman's work besides. The captain, in spite of his dreadful condition, managed to let himself overboard and stopped the leak; and so at last, after all her trouble, the Moorburg got into Brisbane half full of water, with two sick men on board and a woman at the helm. More than this, the gallant woman not only brought the ship safe into port, but her baby, too."

Struck Paradise.

About forty miles from Green Bay, on a highway blazed through the woods, and no house within six miles of the spot, a Boston pipe land man met a family in a one-horse wagon with a ragged cover, and drawn by a horse so thin that the grinding of his ribs could be plainly heard.

"Stranger," called the emigrant, "are there any lightning-rod men in this section?"

"Guess not."

"Any life insurance agents?"

"No."

"Any sewing machine fellers?"

"Haven't seen any."

"Any marriage associations, divorce courts, politics, horse races, lawyers or doctors?"

"I think not. This is a new township, and I don't think it has a single settler yet."

"Then whoa, Lycurgus!" called the man as he drew rein. "This is the place I'm looking fur! Unload the children, Sally Ann, and I'll get out the bed and cook-stove and git ready to squat? If this ain't next door to heaven it's about as nigh as our family will ever git."—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

As Light as a Feather.

Of a feather's lightness we may form some idea when we find that the largest quill of a golden eagle weighs only sixty-five grains, and that seven such quills do not weigh more than a copper penny-piece; that the feathers of a common fowl which weighs thirty-seven ounces, weigh only three ounces; and that the entire plumage of an owl weighs only one ounce and a half. Meant as they are, some for covering and some for strength, we shall find them, on examination, very differently put together. The light down part, when examined through a microscope, will be found to bear little resemblance to the flat part of the quill. If it were not so a bird would scarcely be able to fly at all; for when the flat of the wing was pressed down, the air would pass through it, and yield no resistance. The fibers of the downy part, we see, have little connection with each other; they have short and loose side shoots; just sufficient to mat them together when pressed close to the skin; whereas, the side shoots of the quill-feather hook and grapple with one another, so as to make one firm and united surface.

Eyestones.

Among the lesser commodities known to the druggist trade is the eyestone. In former times persons of wealth and forethought carried the article in a vest pocket. Travelers, in particular, blinded by cinders, were prepared with an eyestone. It was clapped into the cinder eye, there roamed at will, hunted the cinder with speed and thrust it out. The demand for these stones has fallen off very largely, but they are still kept and sold in considerable quantities. In regard to the use of the stone for the purpose in question, the fact seems to be that its movements are regulated by its shape, and by a formation on the flat side or base of the stone, similar to a blade in a turbine water-wheel. The whole resembles a shell just begun—before the cavity was formed, if shells were so formed, which they are not. The stone is composed of limestone, and vinegar or any acid, by its action upon it, causes motion. The stones are found in the seashore on the Pacific coast, being gathered there by sailors.

The biggest slate quarry in the United States has just been developed at Little Rock, Ark.

An English earl, two lords and a member of parliament are doing Texas with a view to making investments.

The Family of the Zuni Chief.

Writing about the Pueblo Indians of New Mexico, Frank H. Cushing, who lived among these strange cliff-dwellers a long time, studying their habits for the Smithsonian institute, thus describes the chief's family: The family consisted of the governor's ugly wife, a short-statured, large-mouthed, slant-eyed, bushy-haired hypochondriac, yet the soul of obedience to her husband, and ultimately of kindness to me, for she conceived a violent fancy for me, because I petted her noisy, dirty and adored little niece. Not so was her old aunt, a fine-looking, straight little woman of sixty winters, which had bleached her abundant hair as white as snow. She would stand half an hour at a time before me in the middle of the floor, holding the little girl in a blanket on her back, and varying her snatches of lullaby with sighs, meanwhile regarding me with large eyes and half-moon-shaped mouth, as though I were a wizard or a persistent nightmare. The governor did not love her. He called her "Old Ten," which as he explained after I began to pick up Zuni and his regards, referred to the number of men she had gilted, and which appellation, when judiciously employed, usually brought hot tears from the the old lady's eyes, or unloosed a tongue that the governor avowed "knew how to talk smarting words."

Then there was the governor's brother-in-law, a short, rather thick and greasy man, excessively conceited, ignorant, narrow, and, moreover, so ceaselessly talkative, that he merited the name the inventive and sarcastic chief had given him, "Who-talks-himself-dry." I have known him, while dressing in the morning (usually a short process with the Zuni), to forget, in the ardor of some new scandal, the most important articles of apparel, and issue forth from his couch of skins and robes very like a half-picked chicken, still talking, and blissfully unaware of his dutifully uncriticised condition.

If the governor loved not "Old Ten," he despised her favorite nephew. This fellow's wife, however, was good-looking, dignified, quiet, modest, and altogether one of the most even-tempered women, red or white, it has been my lot to know. She was always busy with her children, or with the meal-grinding or cookery, occasionally varying these duties with belt-making or weaving. The little niece and her older brother were the only children. The former was a little child, rather too small for her age, bright-eyed, slant-headed like the father, and at once pursy and dirty with abundant food. Though she could not speak plainly, she even thus early gave promise of her father's character in her ability to make much noise. She was the small "head of the household." All matters, however important, had to be calculated with reference to her. If she slept, the household duties had to be performed on tiptoe or suspended. If she woke and howled, the mother or aunt would have to hold her while "Old Ten" procured something bright-colored and waved it frantically before her. If she spoke, the whole family must be silent as the tomb, or else bear the indignation of three women and one man. The governor despised the father too much to join in this family worship.

Pigeons in Military Service.

The employment of carrier pigeons as carriers between military stations in Arizona and other sections of the Indian country, where the telegraph lines are being constantly interfered with by the hostiles, and where the topography is not advantageous for heliographing and other ordinary methods of signaling, is receiving the serious attention of the war office. In a letter from Post Townsend, Wyoming, General Nelson A. Miles says they can be made very useful in this direction, as he has demonstrated to his entire satisfaction, and General Hazen, the chief signal officer, who is testing every plan and suggestion looking to the greater efficiency of his bureau and increased benefit to the general public, has taken the subject actively in hand, desiring to make this agency a valuable ally of the army in conflicts in behalf of civilization against barbarism on our Western plains. For two hundred miles these pigeons will travel as fast as the railway rapid mail, and, through a hostile country, will reach their destination more surely than most men. Flying by sight, they are especially valuable in regions where there are prominent mountain peaks. Between two such posts as Forts Thomas and Apache and Thomas and San Carlos, Arizona, entirely a hostile country, broken and difficult, and in which travel is slow and impossible when the intervening streams are flooded—they would be of vast value compared with the insignificant cost of maintaining and training them. Troops on detached service, with no other means of communication, can employ them to convey important information with great expedition. Country physicians in England use them to great advantage with distant families. The middle feather of the tail is shaved within an inch of the end, and the message lashed thereto firmly with waxed silk. They should be written in lead pencil, as ink runs. Placed there they do not annoy the bird, but tied on the leg they interfere with his flying, and he is liable to peck and mutilate the message, rendering it unintelligible by his efforts to remove it. The clear air of Arizona and the Occident is just the element for these birds, and they are just the agency to supplement the telegraph and ordinary courier system employed by our troops in their operations against the red buccaneers of the West. Having set in motion a plan to protect our cotton, sugar and fruit industries, and having enlarged the sphere of life-saving and coast-line operations as a supplement to the military telegraph lines on the frontier, General Hazen deserves and will receive for this carrier pigeon enterprise the heartfelt thanks of every soul exposed to the onsets of the marauding red devils of the plains, be they Sioux, Apaches, Kiowas, Cheyennes, or what not.—*Washington Republican.*

Charles James Fox, being once at Ascot races with his intimate companion, General Conway, missed his snuff-box. The general was lucky enough to discover the thief and seize him before he could get away. Upon this the man fell upon his knees, and with many tears besought Fox to pardon him and not expose him to ruin, for he was a poor weaver in great destitution, and this was the first offense against the laws that he had ever committed. Fox was greatly affected, and not only let the offender go, but gave him a guinea. Shortly after this, having occasion to use his snuff-box, he found no sign of it in his pocket where he had replaced it, and, turning to General Conway, he said: "My snuff-box is gone again!" "Yes," replied the latter, "I saw the scamp take it a second time when you gave him the money, but I thought I wouldn't interfere."

FOR THE LADIES.

A Learned Young Lady.

Ramnabal Sanskrita is a very learned East Indian young lady, twenty-four years of age, who has acquired a profound knowledge of Sanscrit, Mahrati, Kanarese, Hindostani, Bengalee and English. She also makes speeches in behalf of female education, and is one of these speeches she laid great stress on a fact interesting to American ladies who have adopted the profession of medicine. Ramnabal Sanskrita said that thousands of her country women die every year for want of female doctors.

American Courtship.

"They don't adore you over here," writes the American girl, returned from Europe to her European friend, in Henry James, Jr.'s "Point of View," in the *Century*, "they only make you think they are going to. Do you remember the two gentlemen who were on the ship, and who, after we arrived here, came to see me a tour de role? At first I never dreamed they were making love to me, though mamma was sure it must be that; then as it went on a good while, I thought perhaps it was that; and I ended by seeing it wasn't anything! It was simply conversation; they are very fond of conversation over here. Mr. Leverett and Mr. Cockerel disappeared one fine day, without the smallest pretension to having broken my heart. I am sure, though, it only depended on me to think they had! All the gentlemen are like that; you can't tell what they mean; everything is very confused; Society appears to consist of a sort of innocent jilting."

A Sea Bath in Winter.

A fresh delight discovered by our fashionable women, says Clara Bell in her New York letter in the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, isn't fresh at all, but decidedly salt. The idea spread among them last summer that sea bathing had a rejuvenating effect. The consequence is that they have established fountains of youth in their bathrooms—that is to say, they put rock salt in the tubs and pickle themselves. The strictly proper thing is to take off your nightgown on arising in the morning and put on a wrapper made of a bed blanket. This unique garment should be trimmed with the borders which finish the blanket ends, else the medicinal effect may be lost. Thus warmly wrapped you go to the bathroom, turn on the hot and cold water, and throw in about a pint of salt. When the tub is nearly full you doff your wrapper, take a header into the water, kick up a realistic surf, perhaps get a chance mouthful of the brine, and imagine you are in the real salt sea.

Fashion Notes.

Long jersey gloves of finest wool are highly favored.

Heavy armure brocades are used for outside garments.

Mahogany and blush rose are colors that combine well.

Crenelated edges to fancy house jackets are a growing fancy.

The small capote looks more like a baby's cap than ever.

Pelisses and polonaises are the feature of the passing season.

There is a disposition to revive the old-fashioned gathered skirt.

A pretty fancy is to trim a black velvet hat with a single white bird.

Velvet is the favorite millinery and trimming material this winter.

Waistcoats as separate garments are a feature in English women's dresses.

Skirts continue to grow more bouffant in the black and fuller at the sides.

Evening dresses are frequently made with bodices of a different material from the skirt.

British materials, particularly woolens, are much used in Paris for traveling dresses and utility suits.

Shoes longer than the feet are absolutely the style for ladies, preposterous though it may appear.

Ball dresses of veiling, white and tinted, are as much in favor now as they were in the summer and fall.

Some of the latest imported French polonaises have Louis XIV. waistcoats and pockets covered with colored silk embroidery.

Jaunty soft felt English hats, much resembling those worn by gentlemen, are a passing novelty for ultra-fashionable young ladies.

Light silks of pale sea green, delicate pink, and lilac, are combined for evening wear with dark garnet, dark blue, brown and royal purple velvets with admirable effect.

In jewelry is shown a very novel lace pin in the form of a locust with sapphire eyes, the body of a light-colored lapis lazuli, the legs of gold and the wings formed of tiny diamond chippings.

Pearl necklaces of many rows twined around the throat, magnificent trimmings of pearl-beaded appliques and fringes, some of them thirty inches deep, and strings of tiny Roman pearls twined in the hair are costly and elegant garnitures for full-dress occasions.

White brocaded velvets for wedding dresses now show designs of humming birds, immense flowers and vines, pond lilies and foliage, large fern fronds, oak leaves, horse-chestnut blossoms and sheaves of wheat; some of the patterns are outlined with cut crystal beads or threads of gold.

A striking costume lately worn upon the promenade was of cardinal satin, with a Dorsay redingote of plush of the same brilliant shade. The French capote en suite with this dress was of plush, covered with a mass of sparkling ruby beads, and a cardinal aigrette sprinkled with ruby powder.

Heavily-braded Parisian traveling cloaks of black, olive brown, dark claret and fawn color—most stylish and uncommon in cut and make, satin-lined and elegantly finished with bands of fur—are handsome and costly wraps, only within the reach of those possessed of plethoric pocketbooks.

Princesse dresses in royal blue velvet are fashionably worn for reception toilets; they have the Medici collar, revers and deep cuffs elaborately embroidered with dark blue jet. Plum-colored velvet dresses in the same style have embroideries worked in amber and ruby beads. Velvet in fact is the most fashionable fabric of the season.

Diphtheria and Cats.

Dr. William Bunce, of Oberlin, Ohio, has seen two marked instances in which it seemed almost positive that diphtheria had been introduced into families by cats. Just previous to the occurrence of the disease in his patients the family cat had been observed to have diphtheretic membrane in the throat which, in one case, the children had endeavored to remove before they, themselves, were taken sick.—*Dr. Foote's Health Monthly.*

It is said that there are upward of 3,000 steam plowing machines now employed in England and Scotland.

HUMAN-ANIMAL TRAITS.

The Practice of Suicide—Hypnotism and Catalepsy in Beasts, Birds and Reptiles.

In all forms of animals we may find the suicide, the lunatic, as well as the victim of hypnotism; in fact, animals, the lower ones as they are termed, seem affected by the realities of life very much as are their intelligent superiors. Suicide among animals is quite common, and the story of the old crossing-sweeper is by no means an isolated case. Dogs have been seen to deliberately drown themselves, and the same has been cited among other animals. Curious cases of gradual suicide have been observed among the animals known as holothurians; one, the synapta, being an adept in the art if so we may call it. In life the creature is elongate, often as clear as crystal, bearing a tint of delicate rose or pink, while the body is dedecked with seemingly silken bands of the most delicate texture. If the creature is placed in an aquarium and totally deprived of food for three weeks, a perceptible change will be discerned; not emaciation, but an indentation appears, forming a circle about the animal, gradually growing deeper and deeper, until finally, by muscular contraction, a complete severance of the part is accomplished. The animal has found that retrenchment is necessary, and has decreased its size, thus lessening the demand. If food is still kept from it, soon another ring appears, and a second part is thrown off, and so on, at intervals, until in a few days the animal that was eighteen inches long is now a small oval mass surmounted by the flower-like tentacles, resembling a sea-anemone. This is the head and mouth for which the entire body has been sacrificed, and it too, finally dies. If food in the shape of sand or food is still withheld. The effect of starvation varies in different animals. Subject an adult Hydroid medusa to it, and it will change to the polyp form—the larval form of its kind. In the higher forms of medusa a decrease in the number of the young is noticed, while among mollusks such privation has produced changes in the progeny that were pronounced at first specific. Certain moths, partly starved, lost in their larval state the power of spinning a cocoon. Indeed, the lack of food, and forcing animals to partake of certain kinds, is often productive of the most remarkable results. If the parrot, so common in Brazil, is fed upon the fat of certain fishes, the green feathers change to red; and it is said that if the richly decorated Indian bird, lori rajah, is deprived of its accustomed food, its beauties of color wane. Bullfinches grow darker, even black, under a hemp-seed diet, and the orange-colored canaries, now so much in demand, are said to owe their brilliant tints to dieting on Spanish peppers.

Scorpions are extremely prone to suicide when subjected to great physical pain. Place one within a circle of fire, and it will invariably throw forward its tail and wound itself fatally, seemingly preferring to die in this way than to endure the torture of fire. Spiders and ants attempt the same, tearing off their own legs and stinging their bodies. Crabs and lobsters often throw off their claws and legs and so escape, while some of the starfishes, when lifted from their homes, fairly drop in pieces.

In the island of Lugon, Semper found a snail that, did he attempt to take it by the tail, would throw off that useful member and elude his grasp. The same is true of the so-called glass snake, which often breaks into several sections when alarmed.

Insane horses are of common occurrence. One of the most peculiar phases of these mind affections is hypnotism, that in man or beast has within the present year attracted so much attention. The term, perhaps, originated with Dr. Braid, who, in 1841, revived the excitement aroused by Mesmer in 1778, referring the phenomena of animal magnetism to certain psychological and physiological influences in the subject. He applied it to his patients, and succeeded in performing many painless operations that have been repeated in the curious experiments of Dr. Hammond. That animals are subject to similar influences has long been known. Herein lies the magic of the snake charmer and the charm of the snake itself over the young bird. The most venomous snakes have been drawn from their holes by the actions of these mediums, and handled by them with perfect safety. Dr. Spry refer to an authentic case as follows:

"An eminent physician, skeptical on this point (serpents and birds being drawn and held as by a charm), in company with other English gentlemen, thus tested the fact: Taking a serpent-charmer along, they brought him to a distant pile of rubbish, and causing him to lay off all his raiment that there might be no deception practiced upon them, they watched his movements. Approaching the pile with a serpent-like hiss and nervous working of the features and limbs, which became more and more excited and violent, presently serpent after serpent, of the most venomous kind, showed their heads and gradually moved toward their charmer, until, reaching out his hand, he took them as so many lifeless withes and deposited them in his basket."

As early as 1646 Athanasius Kercher, an Italian monk, wrote upon what he called "Experimentum mirabile," and his experiments upon the imaginations of certain hens, tying and then releasing them, but, by the use of chalk marks, leaving them under the impression that they were still fast are not devoid of interest.

Professor Czermak, of the University of Leipsic, has made interesting experiments with animals, and evidently finds a satisfaction in the work, as he says: "With animals every one feels safe from all thoughts of deception." One of his most interesting experiments was with crawfish, with which he appeared a medium of decided power. His passes caused the animals to become stiff and immovable, standing on their heads and in other curious positions, while other passes enabled them to crawl off. The playing 'possum of many animals is undoubtedly from a similar cause. We have often seen hermits in the South drop as if dead when touched; insects will do the same, and hardly anything but positive injury will induce them to move.

Should you get discouraged with your lot, do not cease your efforts to advance; look at the poverty and crime of those from whom you have thus far kept; contemplate their misery, and then raise your eyes to those who fill stations of wealth and power, then buckle on anew the armor of industry, and grasp with renewed ardor the sword of effort, and, ere you are aware, the things the world calls valuable are safe within your grasp. Thus power, wealth and fame, with all their joys (if such there be) are yours, if you cling to hope and strengthen and sustain her by vigor and enterprise.

A rustic bench—The county court.

Vast merit is inherent in St. Jacobs Oil, and we heartily recommend it to our readers.—*Chicago (Ill.) Western Catholic.*

During the past year agricultural implements to the amount of $68,000,000 have been made in the United States.

The New York *Evening Telegram* says Tony Pastor was cured of rheumatic pains by St. Jacobs Oil. He praises its efficacy.

Zoologists aver that in a hundred years the lion will be extinct.

Diphtheria poisons the blood. Convalescents should take Hood's Sarsaparilla to neutralize and eradicate the poison matter.

MENSMAN'S PEPTONIZED BEEF TONIC, the only preparation of beef containing its *entire nutritious properties*. It contains blood-making, force-generating and life-sustaining properties; invaluable for indigestion, dyspepsia, nervous prostration, and all forms of general debility; also, in all enfeebled conditions, whether the result of exhaustion, nervous prostration, overwork or acute disease, particularly if resulting from pulmonary complaints. Caswell, Hazard & Co., prop'rs., N.Y. Sold by druggists

THAT HUSBAND OF MINE
Is three times the man he was before he began using Wells' Health Renewer. $1.

DON'T DIE IN THE HOUSE. "Rough on Rats." Clears out rats, mice, roaches, bed-bugs. 15c

The soft and silky appearance given to the hair by the use of Carboline, the natural hair restorer and dressing, as now improved and perfected, is the subject of remark by all who have witnessed its effects upon the human head.

PREVENT crooked boots and blistered heels by wearing Lyon's Patent Heel Stiffeners.

Rupture cured. New method. Send for circular. Dr. J. A. House, 126 Fifth ave., N. Y. city.

The Science of Life or Self-Preservation, a medical work for every man—young, middle-aged or old. 125 invaluable prescriptions.

TWENTY thousand Italians are a part of the population of New York city.

HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA,
Has met success at home never accorded to any other Proprietary medicine. It has successfully combated the strongest competition, and by its superior merit to-day commands the largest sale and the greatest confidence wherever it has been introduced.
The remarkable results in disease so universal, and with such a variety of characteristics as catarrh, prove how effectually Hood's Sarsaparilla, acting through the blood, reach every part of the human system.
"I am under great obligations to you for the benefit I have received by taking only three bottles of your valuable Sarsaparilla. Having been a sufferer from catarrh for six or eight years, and having tried nearly all the wonderful cures, sure cures, inhalers, etc., and spending nearly a hundred dollars without benefit, I accidentally tried Hood's Sarsaparilla; the discharge from my nose was greatly increased, the first bottle I took, then it gradually became less, and in taking less than three bottles I find myself so greatly improved that I write to let you know the facts. I think one or two bottles more will make a cure that I would gladly have given a hundred dollars for. Let the sufferers of New England know that Hood's Sarsaparilla will cure catarrh." M. A. ABBEY, Worcester, Mass.

HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA,
Sold by Druggists. $1; six for $5. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

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Dr. M. H. Hinsdale, Kenawee, Ill., advises us of a remarkable cure of consumption. He says: "A neighbor's wife was attacked with violent lung disease, and pronounced beyond help from Quick Consumption. As a last resort the family was persuaded to try Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam for the Lungs. To the astonishment of all, by the time she had used one-half dozen bottles she was about the house doing her own work. I saw her at her worst and had no idea she could recover."

Watson's Neuralgia King.
This is one of the best remedies for Neuralgia ever invented. A lady who had tried many other things, without relief, tried Neuralgia King and was cured.

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